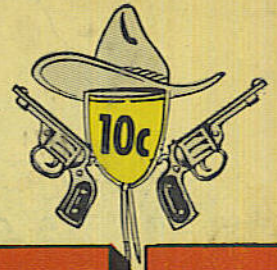


This Issue Contains 52 Pages



AN *Avon* COMIC  
ANC

NO. 6



# COW PUNCHER



WALTER  
JOHNSON





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





THE TEXAS RANGER, SYMBOL OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE LAWLESS WEST, THOUGHT HE'D SEEN ALL THE TRICKS THERE WERE. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THAT NIGHT WHEN HE RODE INTO THE LITTLE TOWN OF BROKEN BRANCH, JUST SOUTH OF THE BADLANDS. THERE HE FOUND A BAND OF OUTLAWS WHO OUTDID THEIR BREED IN TRICKERY. BUT THEY ALSO LEARNED A FEW THINGS, MAINLY, THAT THERE WASN'T A VARMIN'T CLEVER ENOUGH TO OUTSMART A TEXAS RANGER!









THIS'LL CALM  
YOU DOWN,  
RANNY!

THAT'S IT, IN  
WITH HER!  
THAT'LL KEEP HIM  
BUSY WHILE WE  
GIT!

THOSE NO-  
GOOD ORNERY  
VARMINTS!  
THEY'LL BURN  
HER  
ALIVE!

HELP!

OWooo...  
HELP! I'M  
ON FIRE...  
OOOoh!

I'LL HAVE YOU  
OUT IN A  
SECOND.

THERE! QUICK, HELP  
BEAT OUT THE FLAMES  
ON YOUR CLOTHES.

YES...  
OOH...I---I  
THOUGHT I  
WAS DONE  
FOR!

AND MOMENTS LATER...

IT'S LUCKY YOU  
DIDN'T HAVE A BIG  
FIRE GOING.

TOO BAD THOSE COYOTES  
GOT AWAY. THEY WERE  
TRYING TO ROB YOUR  
DAY'S EARNINGS,  
NO DOUBT.

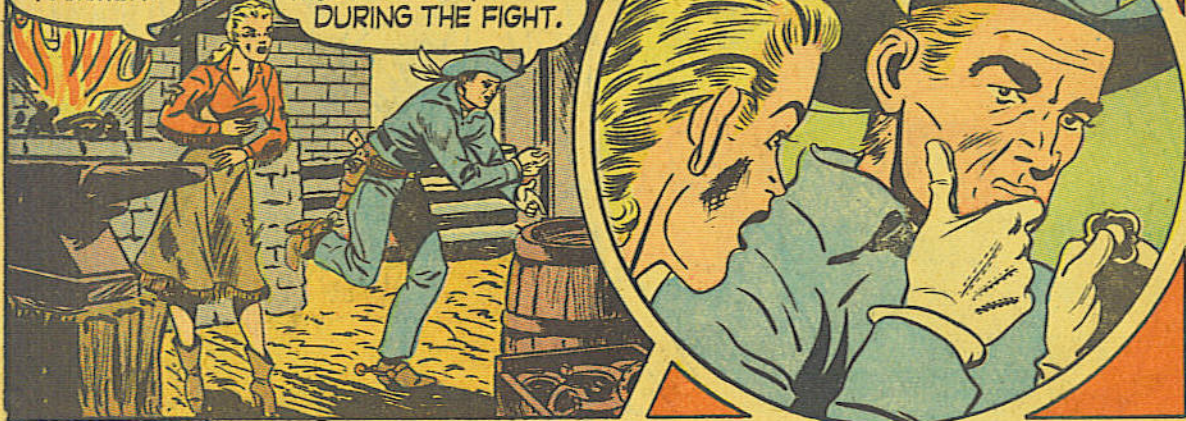
I DON'T  
THINK SO... I  
SEE MY CASH  
BOX HASN'T  
EVEN BEEN  
TOUCHED.



LOOK HERE...THEY  
TOOK ONE OF MY  
HAND-BELLOWS  
AND A SLEDGE  
HAMMER!

THOSE ARE ODD THINGS FOR A  
BAND OF VARMINTS TO STEAL.AND  
LOOK AT THIS FANCY BUTTON.  
ONE OF THOSE HOMBRES  
MUST'VE LOST IT  
DURING THE FIGHT.

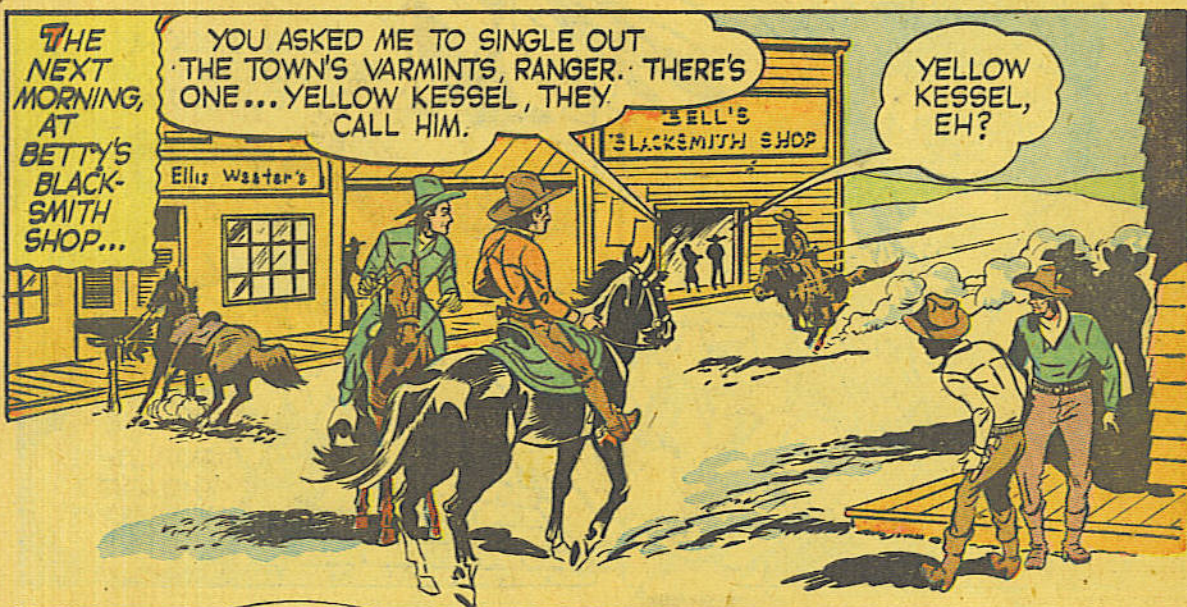
THIS SHOULD BE EASY  
TO MATCH WITH THAT  
BUFFALO-HEAD  
DESIGN ON IT.



THE  
NEXT  
MORNING,  
AT  
BETTY'S  
BLACK-  
SMITH  
SHOP...

YOU ASKED ME TO SINGLE OUT  
THE TOWN'S VARMINTS, RANGER. THERE'S  
ONE...YELLOW KESSEL, THEY  
CALL HIM.

YELLOW  
KESSEL,  
EH?

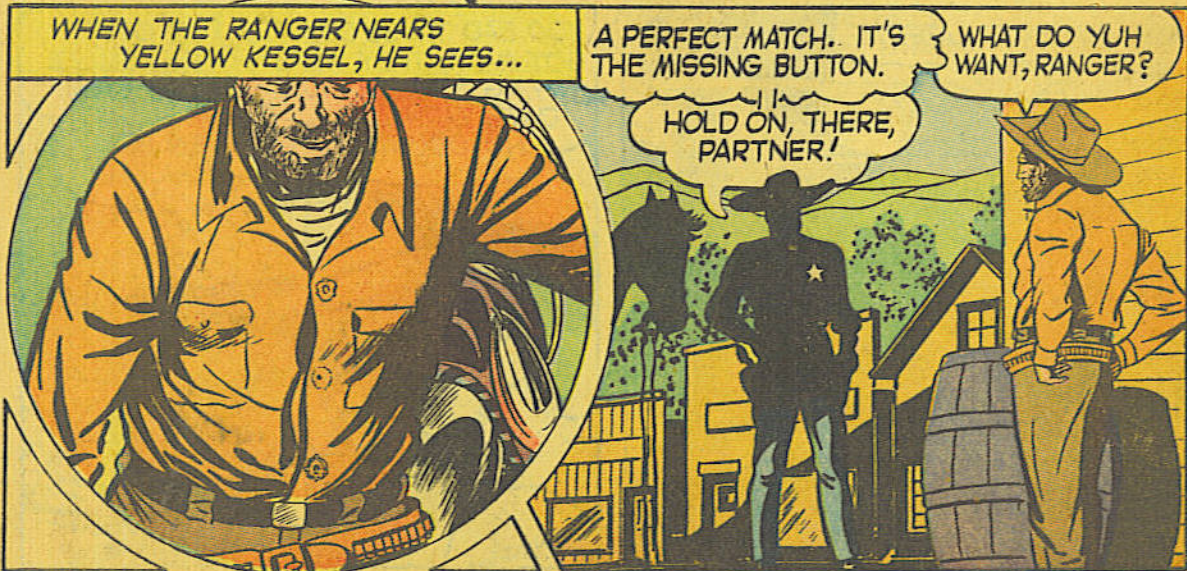


WHEN THE RANGER NEARS  
YELLOW KESSEL, HE SEES...

A PERFECT MATCH. IT'S  
THE MISSING BUTTON.

WHAT DO YUH  
WANT, RANGER?

HOLD ON, THERE,  
PARTNER!





YOU WERE ONE OF THE HOMBRES WHO RAIDED THE BLACKSMITH'S LAST NIGHT, KESSEL. THIS BUTTON OF YOURS I FOUND AFTER THE FIGHT PROVES IT!

NO, IT DOESN'T RANGER. I...ER... LOST IT IN HER SHOP WHEN I WAS THERE GITTIN' MUH HOSS SHOED!

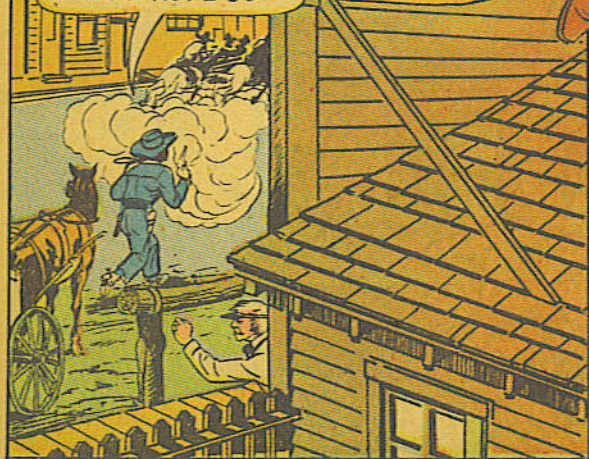


SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT STORY, DO YOU?

NO, BUT I COULDN'T MAKE AN ARREST ON SUCH SLIM EVIDENCE. I'LL FIND MORE PROOF, THOUGH.



THERE GO THE VARMINTS! IT'S TOO DARK TO GET A GOOD SHOT AT THEM! MAYBE I WINGED ONE. I HOPE SO.



YUH AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' ON ME, RANGER.

HE COULD BE TELLING THE TRUTH. I'LL LET HIM GO FOR NOW. I'LL NEED MORE PROOF THAN JUST THIS BUTTON!

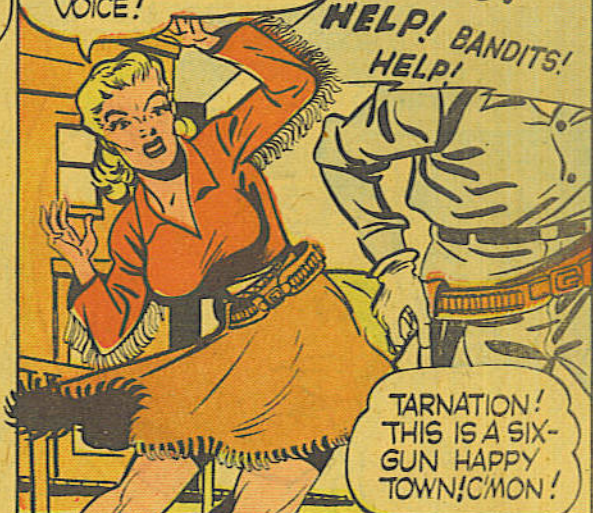


LATER, THAT NIGHT...

THAT'S FROM BENSON'S GENERAL STORE. THAT'S OLD BENSON'S VOICE!

**BANG!**  
**BANG!**

HELP! BANDITS!  
HELP!



TARNATION! THIS IS A SIX-GUN HAPPY TOWN! C'MON!

THE BANDITS FLEE INTO THE BLACKNESS, AND...

YOU'RE MR. BENSON, I TAKE IT. ARE YOU HURT?

NO, RANGER. FUNNY THING ABOUT IT...ALL THEY WERE AFTER WERE SOME SHEETS O' METAL.





METAL SHEETS  
LIKE THOSE  
RIGHT THERE.  
THEY WENT  
RIGHT TO 'EM  
AN' CARRIED  
'EM OFF.

HMM... THIS IS  
STRANGE.  
THOSE COYOTES  
DON'T SEEM TO  
HANKER AFTER  
MONEY!

RETURNING TO THE SHOP...

THE SHOP'S BEEN BROKEN  
INTO WHILE WE WERE  
GONE... I SEE A PAIR OF  
HOLDING IRONS ARE MISSING!

I CAN'T FIGURE  
THESE FUNNY  
ROBBERIES!

BUT I KNOW THIS. ONE GANG HAS  
DONE ALL THESE ODD ROBBERIES AND  
THEY ADD UP TO SOME KIND OF SCHEME  
ON THEIR PART. I'VE A KIND OF THEORY  
I'M GOING TO TRY OUT.

KESSEL, I'M ACCUSING  
YOU OF BEING BEHIND  
THESE ROBBERIES  
LATELY. IF YOU  
WANT TO SHOOT  
IT OUT, START  
REACHING FOR  
YOUR GUN!

I KNOW  
BETTER'N  
TUH TRY  
TUH DRAW  
AGIN A  
TEXAS  
RANGER.

GO AHEAD,  
BOSS... DRAW  
ON HIM!

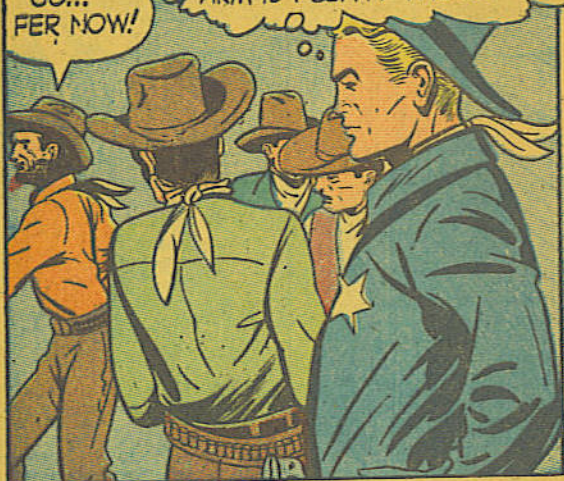
WELL, KESSEL?  
I CHALLENGE YOU  
TO DRAW!

NO, RANGER... NOT NOW. MUH ARMS... ER...  
SPRAINED. I'LL TAKE YUH UP ON  
THAT CHALLENGE TOMORROW.



C'MON,  
BOYS, LET'S  
GO...  
FER NOW!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR.  
THAT STORY ABOUT A SPRAINED  
ARM IS PLENTY FALSE.



NOW I KNOW MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT AND  
I AIM TO BE READY FOR THOSE SLICK COYOTES  
TOMORROW! BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO  
STOP HERE.



THE RANGER,  
CERTAIN HE HAS  
UNRAVELED THE  
PLANS OF  
KESSEL AND HIS  
MEN, SETS HIS  
OWN COUNTER-  
MOVES INTO  
MOTION AND THEN,  
THE NEXT DAY  
DAWN'S  
PEACEFULLY  
ENOUGH, BUT  
SUDDENLY...

... THE TOWN ERUPTS IN A BLAZE OF GUNFIRE!



KEEP YO'RE  
HEAD DOWN,  
JED. THEY'RE  
SURE ON THE  
WARPATH!

YEEOWW!  
SOME FUN,  
EH BOYS!  
NOW WHERE'S  
THET TEXAS  
RANGER?



COME ON  
OUT O' HIDIN',  
RANGER. I'LL...  
HUH???

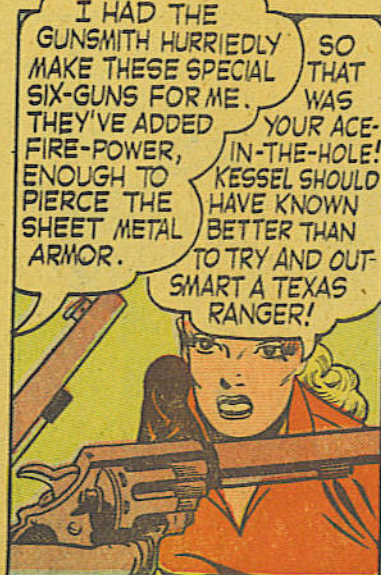
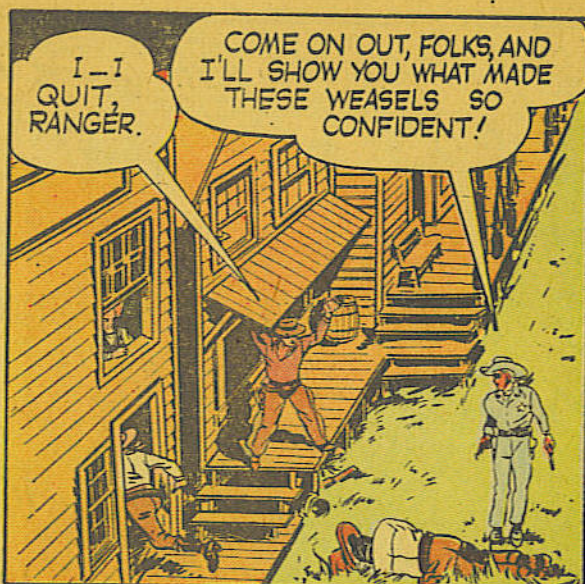
I'M READY  
AND WAITING  
KESSEL...  
RIGHT  
HERE.



YO'RE MISTAKE, RANGER...  
I CAN'T LOSE THIS  
GUN-FIGHT!









# The Secret of QUIET CANYON

DON'T! DON'T TOUCH ME WITH THAT BRANDIN' IRON! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANY GOLD BOX!

LET'S HAVE IT, STICK. WE GOT TO WARM UP OLE HOBBLY'S MEMORY!

SURE. NOTHIN' BETTER THAN A BRANDIN' IRON TO CHANGE A GUY'S MIND.

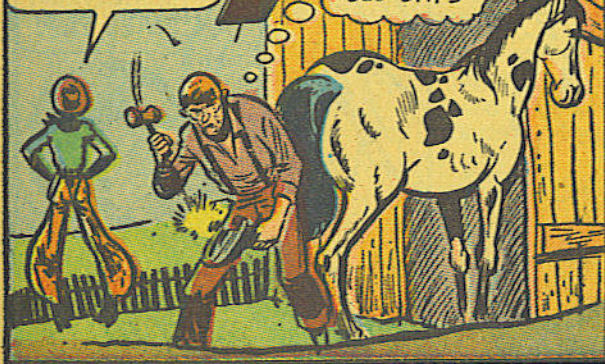


ONE HOT SUMMER AFTERNOON IN THE '70'S...

HERE COMES THE BOSS WITH THE NEW HANDS. TOUGH LOOKIN' HOMBRES IF I'VE EVER SEEN ANY.

YEAH.

SAW PLENTY OF THEM KIND IN THE OLD DAYS



STICK, LARD, LOLO... MEET TWO OF MY REGULAR HANDS, BEN DUGAN AND HOBBLY JONES.

KEEP YOUR HAND TO YOURSELF, CRIPPLE!

GLAD TO MEET YUH, STICK.

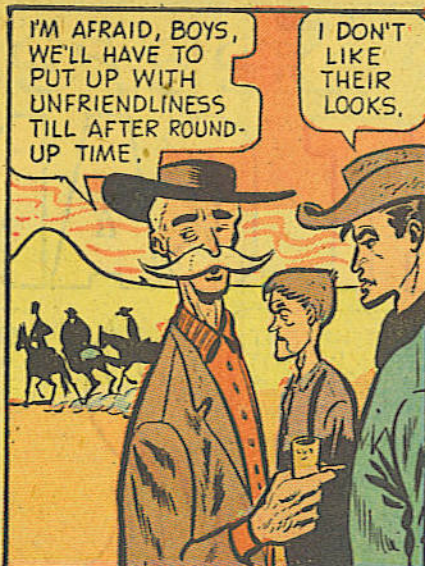






IS THAT HOW YOU SHOW YOUR FRIENDLINESS--BY SPITTING PAST A GUY'S EAR?

AIN'T MY BUSINESS TO BE FRIENDLY, MR. MACKLIN HIRED US TO GUARD STOCK



I'M AFRAID, BOYS, WE'LL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH UNFRIENDLINESS TILL AFTER ROUND-UP TIME.

I DON'T LIKE THEIR LOOKS.



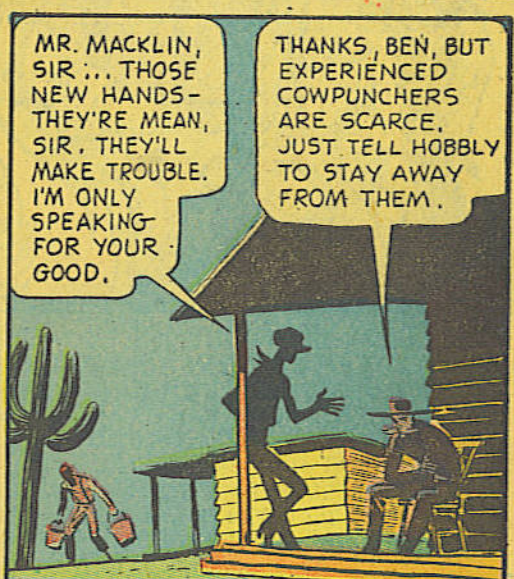
THAT NIGHT... HEY, CRIPPLE, GET ME A DRINK OF WATER--AN' BRING SOME FOR MY FRIENDS!

YOU'VE BEEN RIDIN' POOR HOBBLY ALL EVENING! NOBODY'S BEGGING YOU TO BE FRIENDLY--BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A BULLY. CUT IT OUT!



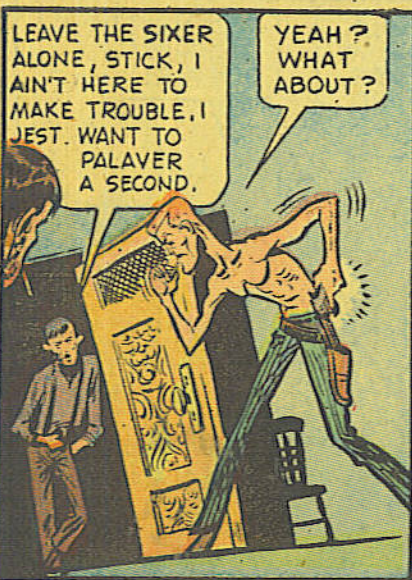
AIMIN' TO MAKE ME, LOUDMOUTH?

DON'T YOU GO MESSIN' INTO MY BUSINESS, BEN. THE BOYS'RE JUST HAVIN' A LITTLE FUN. A PEG LEG MUST TICKLE THEIR FUNNY BONES.



MR. MACKLIN, SIR... THOSE NEW HANDS--THEY'RE MEAN, SIR, THEY'LL MAKE TROUBLE. I'M ONLY SPEAKING FOR YOUR GOOD.

THANKS, BEN, BUT EXPERIENCED COWPUNCHERS ARE SCARCE. JUST TELL HOBBLY TO STAY AWAY FROM THEM.



LEAVE THE SIXER ALONE, STICK, I AIN'T HERE TO MAKE TROUBLE, I JEST. WANT TO PALAVER A SECOND.

YEAH? WHAT ABOUT?



I'M WISE TO YUH HAY-PITCHERS, YUH AIN'T RANCH HANDS, YORE THREE HOMBRES WHO ROB AN' KILL FOR A LIVIN'. IT'S WRITTEN ALL OVER YORE FACES.



HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH? MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN SOME WANTED POSTERS! SPIT IT OUT!

I... I K-KNOW BECAUSE I USED TO BE A HIGHWAYMAN MYSELF!



HAW-HAW! YOU?  
WITH YOUR GIMPY  
LEG? HAW-HAW!

I WASN'T BORN  
WITH IT. I GOT  
IT BLOWN OFF  
BY A SHERIFF  
AFTER A BANK  
JOB IN DALLAS!  
I WAS TWICE  
THE MAN YUH  
ARE!

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH TOUGH  
GUYS IN MY TIME TO SPOT  
'EM IN A SECOND. YUH  
AIN'T HERE TO WORK  
FOR MACKLIN. YUH'RE  
HERE TO PULL A JOB!

WAIT A MINUTE!  
THE GIMP IS UP  
TO SOMETHIN'...

SHALL I  
BLAST  
HIM,  
STICK?

I WANT A  
PIECE OF  
YORE JOB,  
THAT'S ALL.  
IF YUH  
TURN ME  
DOWN, I'LL  
TELL MACKLIN  
WHO YUH  
REALLY  
ARE.

YUH  
WANT  
MY  
ANSWER,  
HOBBLY?

HERE IT IS!  
GET THE BLAZES  
OUTA HERE!

YEOW-WW!

AIN'T WE  
GOIN' TO  
KILL HIM,  
STICK?

GET THIS, HOBBLY. KEEP  
YOUR TRAP SHUT OR WE'LL  
BLAST YOU TO BITS!

HIM TWICE AS TOUGH  
AS ME! HA-HA! HIM  
A BAD MAN! HAW-HAW!  
AIN'T LAUGHED LIKE  
THIS IN YEARS! HA-HA!

I WAS LOCO TO TELL  
'EM ABOUT MYSELF  
BUT THEY'LL BE SORRY  
THEY KICKED ME  
AROUN'

**TWO WEEKS LATER...**

WE GOT THE STAGE SCHEDULE  
DOWN PERFECT. NOW JUST KEEP  
YOUR EARS OPEN FOR NEWS  
OF A HEAVY GOLD SHIPMENT.  
THEN ALL THE LAMBIN' WORK  
WILL PAY OFF BIG...

FOR WEEKS  
HOBBLY CLUNG-  
TO STICK GORDON  
LIKE A SHADOW...  
FOLLOWING HIM  
EVERYWHERE...  
LISTENING TO  
EVERY WORD...

LOOK, STICK, AIN'T IT  
ABOUT TIME WE DID  
THE JOB? I'M FED UP  
WITH THIS OUTRIDIN'.

OKAY. TOMORROW  
WE START  
CLOCKIN' THE  
STAGE SCHEDULE.

SO IT'S THE  
MAXWELL  
STAGE  
THEY'RE  
AFTER...!

FER YOU OR  
ME, STICK?



I'VE GOT TO SAY ONE THING, MR. MACKLIN, THOSE THREE TOUGH GUYS KNOW THEIR BUSINESS, AND THEY'RE NOT THROWIN' THEIR WEIGHT AROUND LIKE THEY USED TO.

GLAD TO HEAR IT, BEN. I INTEND TO BUY ANOTHER TWO THOUSAND HEAD AND I WANTED TO BE SURE I HAD THE MEN TO HANDLE THEM.



LATER ...

IT'S SETTLED, THEN, BEN, I'M ASKIN' THE BANK AT SAW MILL TO SHIP ME \$30,000 IN GOLD ON THE MAXWELL STAGE TOMORROW NIGHT.

AM I GLAD I WENT TO THE KITCHEN! WAIT'LL STICK, HEARS THIS!

THIS IS IT! WE HOLD UP THE MAXWELL STAGE TOMORROW NIGHT!

YOU FELLERS'RE GONNA HAVE COMPANY!

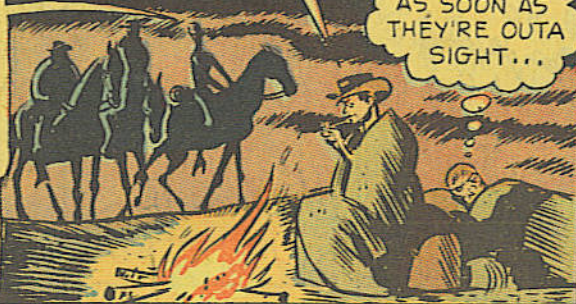


AT THE ROUND-UP NEXT NIGHT ...

THE HERD'S MIGHTY REST-LESS TONIGHT, BEN, TH' BOYS AN' ME AIN'T SLEEPY SO WE FIGGERED WE'D RIDE THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT AN' SEE THAT EVERY-THING'S OKAY.

SURE, STICK.

THE DIRTY LIARS! I'LL FOLLOW THEM AS SOON AS THEY'RE OUTA SIGHT...



AN HOUR LATER ...

I CAN'T CATCH UP WITH THEM! THEY'RE RIDIN' TOO FAST AN' I AIN'T IN CONDITION. AT THIS RATE I'LL HAVE TO MEET 'EM ON THE WAY BACK!



HERE THEY COME, STICK, -ON TIME. THEM WEEKS OF CLOCKIN' SURE PAID OFF!

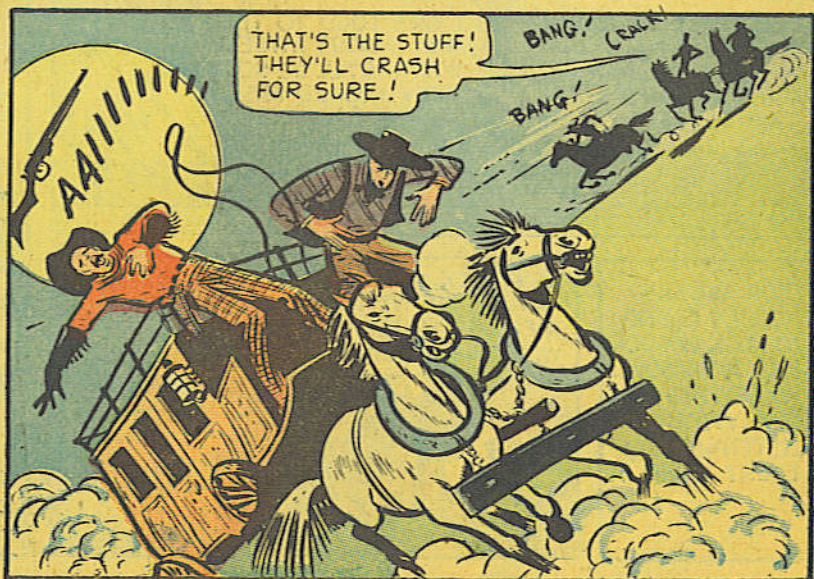
THERE'S A SHOTGUN MESSENGER ON TOP, THAT MEANS THEY'RE CARRYIN' GOLD, STICK.

KEEP SHOOTIN' TILL I TELL YUH TO STOP, OKAY, --LET'S GO!

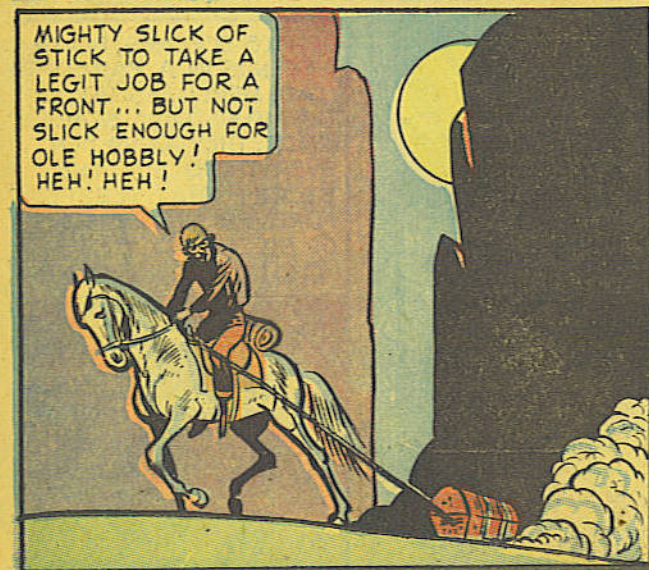
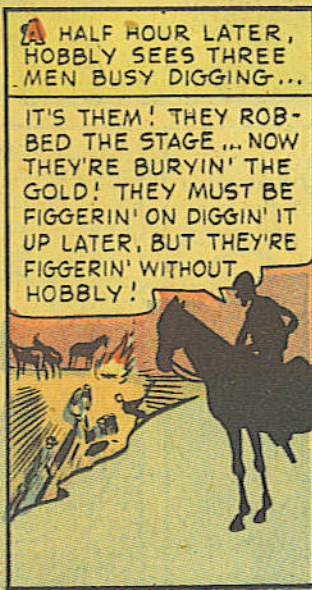
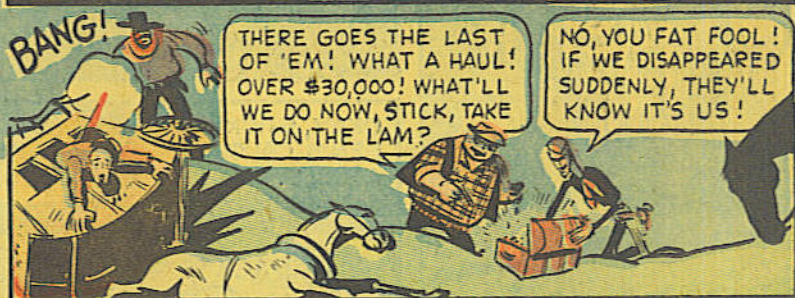
THAT'S THE STUFF! THEY'LL CRASH FOR SURE!

BANG! (CRACK)

BANG!









**A HALF-HOUR LATER...**

HOLY SMOKE! WE'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED! THAT LOUSY CRIPPLE TRAILED US AN' HID THE GOLD HIMSELF. HIS PEG HOLES ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE!



NO-NO! --I'LL TELL! I HID IT IN QUIET CANYON, D-DON'T TOUCH ME --I'LL TAKE YUH THERE!



OKAY, LOLO, KEEP THE BRAND HANDY IN CASE PEGLEG-CHANGES HIS MIND.

**LATER...**



SO THAT'S IT, EH? BLAST BEN! WE WANT NO INTERFERENCE WITH WHAT WE'RE GOIN' TO DO WITH THAT PEGLEG.

\$30,000 IN GOLD! - AN' ALL MINE! NOW I CAN RETIRE LIKE I ALWAYS DREAMED...

OKAY, STICK, BEN'S CAUGHT A BELLYFULL!



ARRRG!

CRACK!

(GASP!)...S-STICK! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?



YORE GETTIN' BRANDED TO DEATH UNLESS YUH TELL US WHERE YUH HID THAT GOLD BOX!

WE SCARED THE CRIPPLE, ALL RIGHT! HERE'S THE GOLD!



AN' HERE'S YORE PAYOFF FOR THE DOUBLE-CROSS...

NO! YOU'LL KILL ALL OF US! THE SHOTS WILL DISTURB THEM ROCKS UP THERE AN' CAUSE AN AVALANCHE! THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THIS "QUIET CANYON"!



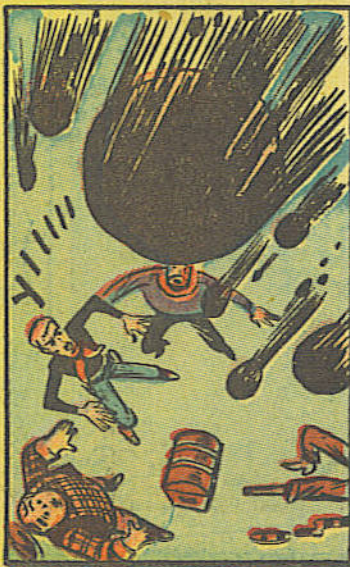
THINK WE'D FALL FOR A GAG LIKE THAT? BLAST HIM, LOLO!

STICK - IT'S ON THE LEVEL! LOOK!!



CRACK!

ARGGH!



DESPITE SCREAMS, DEATH DESCENDS IN A RAIN OF COLD, MERCILESS ROCK. THEY FOUND THE STAGE COACH, THEY FOUND BEN... EVERYTHING BUT THE SECRET THAT SLEEPS FOREVER UNDER TONS OF SILENT ROCK IN - QUIET CANYON.

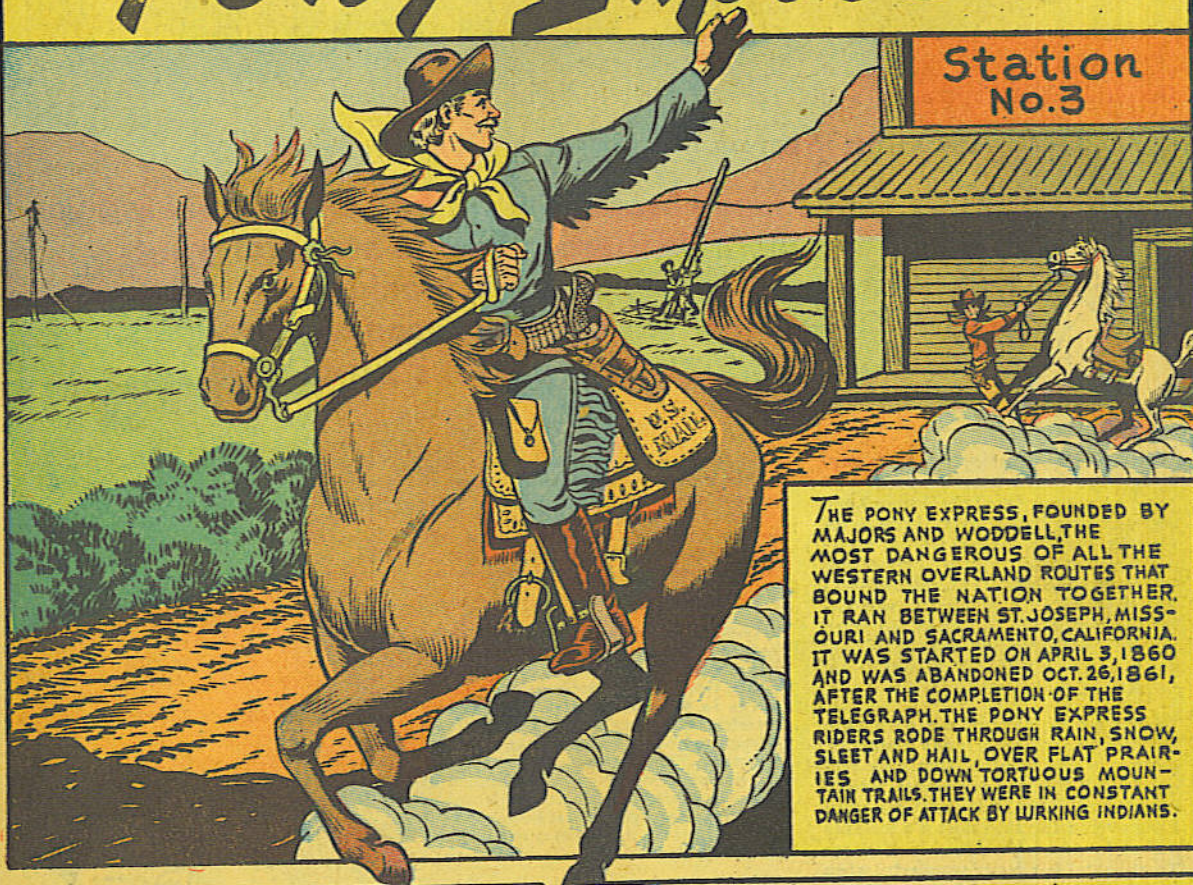




# TRUTH *not* FANCY

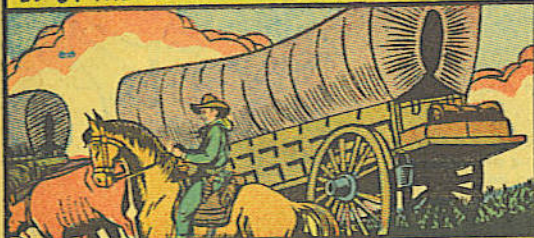
# Pony Express

Shut. Hing  
12 30 48



THE PONY EXPRESS, FOUNDED BY MAJORS AND WODDELL, THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL THE WESTERN OVERLAND ROUTES THAT BOUND THE NATION TOGETHER, IT RAN BETWEEN ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI AND SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA. IT WAS STARTED ON APRIL 3, 1860 AND WAS ABANDONED OCT. 26, 1861, AFTER THE COMPLETION OF THE TELEGRAPH. THE PONY EXPRESS RIDERS RODE THROUGH RAIN, SNOW, SLEET AND HAIL, OVER FLAT PRAIRIES AND DOWN TORTUOUS MOUNTAIN TRAILS. THEY WERE IN CONSTANT DANGER OF ATTACK BY WILKING INDIANS.

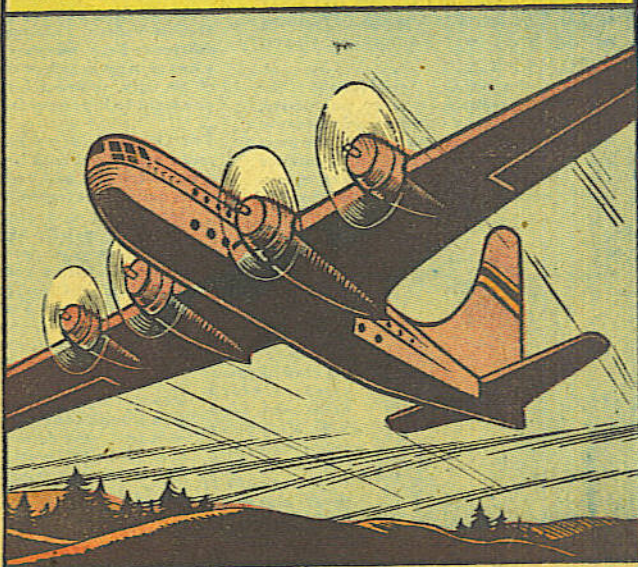
LATER, THE TRAILS THEY MADE WERE FOLLOWED BY THE COVERED WAGONS OF SETTLERS.



IN 1873, THE EAST AND WEST WERE CONNECTED BY RAIL.



TODAY, IT TAKES BUT A FEW HOURS TO SPAN THE CONTINENT.





# KIT WEST

in "MURDER IN THE STOCKADE"



ONE SATURDAY NIGHT AT FORT GRESHAM, THERE IS MUCH CAUSE FOR CELEBRATION...

CONGRATULATIONS, DAN. YOU'RE GETTING A LOVELY BRIDE IN MARY JANE.

JUST FOR THAT, KIT, I'LL LET DAN DANCE WITH YOU-- A PRIVILEGE I HAVE REFUSED EVERY OTHER GIRL TONIGHT.

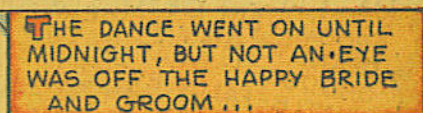
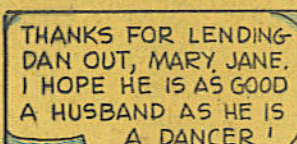


I'M GLAD EVERYBODY'S HAVING A GOOD TIME, DAN.

NOT EVERYBODY, KIT. TAKE AUNT TILLY, FOR INSTANCE. SHE NEVER GOT MARRIED AND HATES WHEN ANYBODY ELSE DOES.









**TWO HOURS LATER -- IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT ...**



**TWO BRUTAL HANDS STRANGLE A HALF-GASPED CRY...**



**THE NEXT MORNING...**

THAT'S STRANGE, I'VE BEEN KNOCKING ON MARY JANE'S DOOR ALL MORNING, BUT SHE STILL DOESN'T ANSWER!



MAYBE SHE'S ILL. FORCE THE DOOR!



MARY JANE WAS CHOKED TO DEATH.

BUT, DOCTOR, HOW COULD ANYONE GET IN? THE DOOR WAS BOLTED FROM THE INSIDE!

PERHAPS THE KILLER ENTERED THROUGH THE WINDOW...



DID YOU KNOW ONE OF MARY'S SHOES WAS MISSING MR. DRAKE?

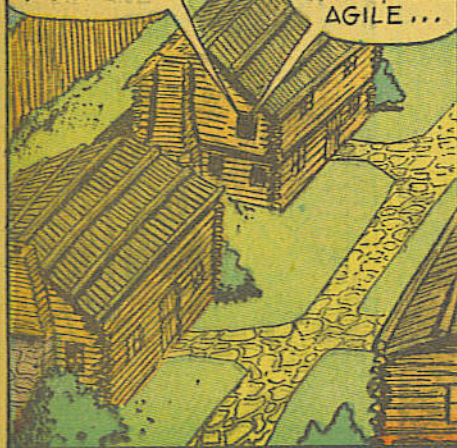
YES, I DID. MARY SAID IT DISAPPEARED A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, KIT? WHO'D WANT TO MURDER THAT POOR CHILD ON THE EVE OF HER WEDDING?

SEVERAL PEOPLE, I IMAGINE.

BUT, KIT, LOOK HOW FAR AWAY THAT OTHER HOUSE AND THAT WALL ARE!

YES, IT'S A STUNT, BUT NOT FOR SOMEONE WHO'S VERY AGILE...





CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY, KIT - THE GIRL WOULDN'T LOOK AT ME. TOO GRUESOME FOR HER, I GUESS. THERE AIN'T A LASS FROM BARBARY TO RIO WHO EVER CAST A SMILE AT SAILOR BEN. THAT'S A RECORD, AIN'T IT?



YOU'RE THE ONE GAL I RESPECT, KIT - 'CAUSE YOU DO A MAN'S WORK. HERE, HAVE A CHAW O' TOBACCO!



NIX, BEN - I'M NOT MAN ENOUGH FOR THAT. BUT I'D GET RID OF THAT WOMAN-HATING HABIT, BEN. AFTER MARY JANE'S DEATH, PEOPLE WON'T LIKE HEARING YOUR OPINIONS.



TALK POLITE TO A SAVAGE, WILL YOU? LOOK AT THIS - MARY JANE'S MISSING SHOE!



GOOD HEAVENS!

ME NOT KNOW HOW IT GET THERE!

WAIT! MAYBE OLD SQUAW HERSELF BRING-SHOE HERE! OLD SQUAW HATE ALL YOUNG SQUAW. SO SHE KILL, BLAME ON INJUN TOM BECAUSE HE IS INJUN!



ME KNOW NOTHIN! ME GO SLEEP LAST NIGHT. ME GOOD INJUN!

WHY WASTE TIME ASKIN' THE RED DEVIL QUESTIONS? SEARCH HIS HOUSE!

LET'S NOT ACCUSE WILDLY AUNT TILDY. MIND IF WE LOOK INSIDE YOUR SHED, TOM?



A WEEK PASSES - A NEW MYSTERY BEGINS...

YOU LYING DEVIL! DON'T THINK THE WHOLE FORT WON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS BY NIGHTFALL!

HMM -- MAYBE THE SHOE WAS A PLANT, TOM!



HOW CAN DAN COURT HELEN DREW, THE GIRL HE JILTED FOR MARY JANE, WITH HIS FIANCEE HARDLY COLD IN HER GRAVE?

LOVE IS THE BIGGEST MYSTERY OF ALL, DOC.



A WEEK LATER

FOLKS, I'VE AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE, HELEN DREW AND I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED TOMORROW AT NOON.

WHAT? ONLY TWO WEEKS AFTER MARY JANE'S DEATH!

DAN FOUND IT WAS ME HE LOVED ALL ALONG!









WHO MISSES HELEN DREW ANYWAY? THE HUSSY PUT ON TOO MANY AIRS!

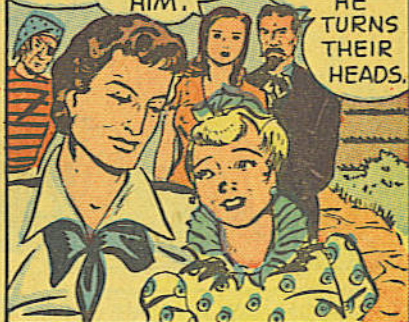
GOOD RIDDANCE, SAY I!

DAN SEEMS TO HAVE RECOVERED FROM HIS SORROW, NOW HE'S RUSHING MOLLY KEAN.



I'M DISAPPOINTED IN DAN. THE HORRIBLE DEATHS OF HIS LAST TWO FIANCEES DOESN'T SEEM TO STOP HIM.

NOR THE GIRLS! DAN'S TOO HANDSOME FOR THEM TO RESIST. HE TURNS THEIR HEADS.



HE HUNTS THEIR HEADS, MORE LIKELY! I ONCE HEARD OF A SAILOR WHO KILLED EVERY LASS HE WAS SCHEDULED TO MARRY. HE JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW MANY HE COULD COURT AND WIN! HE WAS THAT VAIN!

HMM - I NEVER CONSIDERED THAT ANGLE -



FOLKS, MOLLY KEAN BEING AN ORPHAN, ASKED ME TO SAY SHE WILL WED DAN WAYNE NEXT SUNDAY IN THIS CHAPEL. WE ALL CONGRATULATE THEM AND WISH THEM WELL.



THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY NIGHT...

IT'S OUTRAGEOUS THE WAY THESE GIRLS RUN AFTER DAN WAYNE! YOU'D THINK IT WAS HORRIBLE TO BE A SPINSTER!

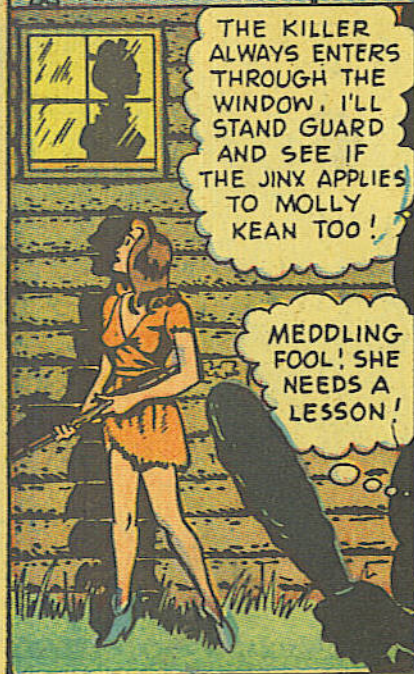
THESE FRILLS ALL RUN AFTER A HANDSOME FACE, WOT'S UGLY FOLKS TO DO - COMMIT SUICIDE?



A FEW HOURS LATER --

THE KILLER ALWAYS ENTERS THROUGH THE WINDOW. I'LL STAND GUARD AND SEE IF THE JINX APPLIES TO MOLLY KEAN TOO!

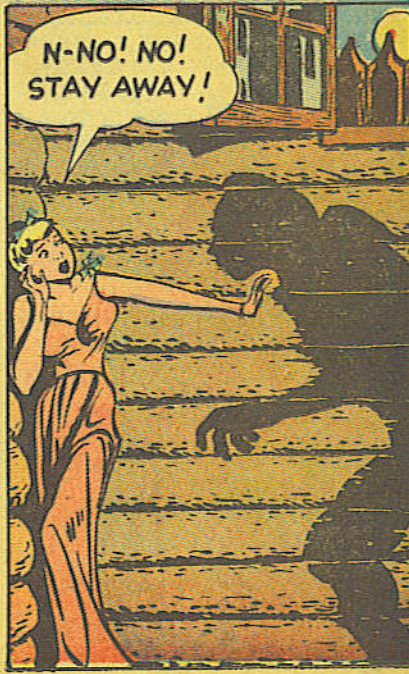
MEDDLING FOOL! SHE NEEDS A LESSON!



BE GLAD I HAVEN'T KILLED YOU, MEDDLER!



N-NO! NO! STAY AWAY!





THE NEXT MORNING -



AGAIN THE MISSING-SHOE, KIT! SHALL WE PAY INJUN TOM A VISIT?

WHOEVER CAME THROUGH THIS WINDOW MUST BE AGILE AS A SQUIRREL- IT'S SOME LEAP FROM THE WALL TO THIS CABIN, BUT THAT WAS NO SQUIRREL WHO TAPPED ME ON THE HEAD!



HERE'S THE SHOE AGAIN! KILL THE MURDERING-DEVIL!

NO! ARREST HIM BUT HE MUST HAVE A FAIR TRIAL!



AND YOU DON'T THINK THE KILLER IS INJUN TOM?

NO-I'M SUSPICIOUS OF ANY BRIDE-GROOM WHO HAS SUCH BAD LUCK WITH HIS BRIDES-TO-BE! ANYHOW, I'M GOING TO CARRY OUT A LITTLE PLAN OF MY OWN...

GAOL



THAT NIGHT

HERE'S WHERE I GET MYSELF A HUSBAND! A WHIFF OF PERFUME... A BIT OF SPICE TO ONE'S COSTUME... ENOUGH BAIT TO TRAP A KILLER!

OH, DAN, DEAR -



DAN, I'VE HAD MY EYES ON YOU FOR AGES - BUT YOU NEVER GAVE ME A TUMBLE - YOU WERE COURTING SOMEBODY ELSE ALL THE TIME, AM I SO HARD TO TAKE?

GOSH, KIT, I NEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD BE LIKE THIS!



A WEEK PASSES - A WEEK FULL OF KISSES AND GLOWERING GLANCES.

WE'LL BE MARRIED NEXT SUNDAY, MY DARLING.

OH, DAN, DEAR, THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN HOPING YOU'D SAY!



OHO! ONE SHOE MISSING! WELL, IT COULD BE ANYBODY. I HAVEN'T CHECKED - ON MY WARDROBE SINCE YESTERDAY



INJUN TOM BUSTED OUT OF THE GAOL, KIT, AN' DISAPPEARED. BETTER WATCH OUT, YOU GITTIN' MARRIED TOMORROW.

I WILL, HIRAM.

WITH A RIFLE IN MY HAND!



HOURS PASS. SUDDENLY, A HEAVY THUD ON THE ROOF, THE WINDOW IS PUSHED OPEN, AND -

THIS TIME, THE BRIDE'S READY FOR THE BRIDE-KILLER!



THAT APE ACCOUNTS FOR THE AGILITY - AND THE MISSING SHOE. THE KILLER STOLE A SHOE FROM EACH OF THE VICTIMS TO GIVE THE ANIMAL THE SCENT OF THE PREY.

BEN, I WANT NO TROUBLE WITH YOU. A MURDERING ORANG-UTAN RAN INTO YOUR CABIN AND I INTEND TO FIND HIM - SO, ONE SIDE!

YOU'RE BALMY, KIT! WHAT'S AN ORANG-UTAN DOIN' SO FAR FROM AFRICA?

YOU'RE THE BOY TO EXPLAIN THAT, BEN! THIS BLOOD TRAIL LEADS RIGHT UP TO YOUR SEA-CHEST! WHAT ARE THE HOLES IN IT FOR, BEN?

WHY DON'T YOU LOOK FOR YOURSELF, KIT?



THE NEXT BULLET'S FOR YOU, BEN! WANT IT?

YOU WIN, KIT - BLAST YOU!

SAILOR BEN HATED WOMEN. HIS SOLE COMPANION WAS THIS DEAD APE THAT HE KEPT DOPED WITH THIS OPIUM. HE ROUSED THE BEAST IN ORDER TO KILL!

SORRY, DAN, FOR SUSPECTING YOU, BUT YOU DID LOOK SUSPICIOUS!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, KIT. NEXT TIME, WE WON'T DO ANY ANNOUNCING... WE'LL JUST ELOPE, EH, MABEL?





# DEATH'S DOUBLE DOOM!

## Tales of the Silent Spaces

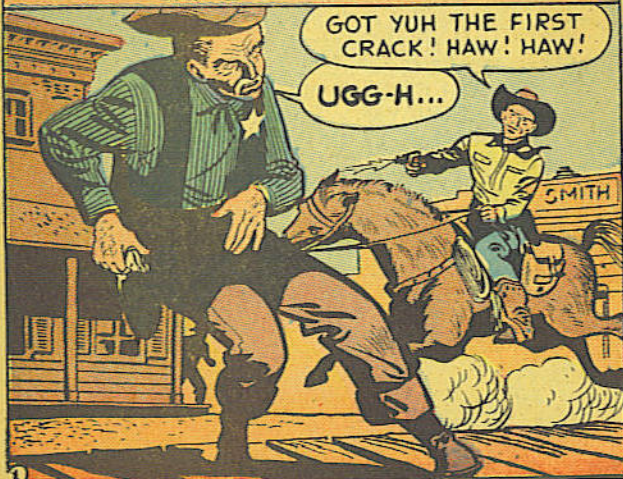


HOW WOULD **YOU** LIKE TO BE JAILED FOR ANOTHER MAN'S CRIMES? HOW WOULD **YOU** FACE DEATH AND DISGRACE - JUST BECAUSE YOU LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE SOMEONE ELSE? **FLIP CARSON** WAS AN EASY-GOING YOUNG-RANCHER... UNTIL THEY HUNG A NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK AND TOLD HIM HE FACED...  
**"DEATH'S DOUBLE DOOM!"**

PHIL REINMAN

C.P. 6

SIXGUNS BLAZING, CACTUS KENT FLEES THE TOWN OF SUNSET... ADDING MURDER TO THE CRIME OF ROBBERY...



GOT YUH THE FIRST CRACK! HAW! HAW!

UGG-H...

SMITH



NOT SATISFIED WITH ROBBIN' THE WAGONWHEEL SALOON, HE SHOT SHERIFF DAN'S DEPUTY DOWN IN COLD BLOOD, THE MURDERIN' COYOTE!



SOME MILES AWAY, IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF BROKEN LANCE...

CACTUS!  
I RECKONED YUH  
WERE OVER IN  
SUNSET, SPARKIN'  
MISS BETSY!

YUH MADE A  
MISTAKE, FRIEND.  
I'M FLIP CARSON  
OF THE C BAR  
RANCH. SORRY!

HMM... THAT  
RANNY LOOKS  
ENOUGH LIKE  
CACTUS TO BE  
HIS TWIN. AN'  
THAT SURE GIVES  
ME AN IDEA!



WHA--?

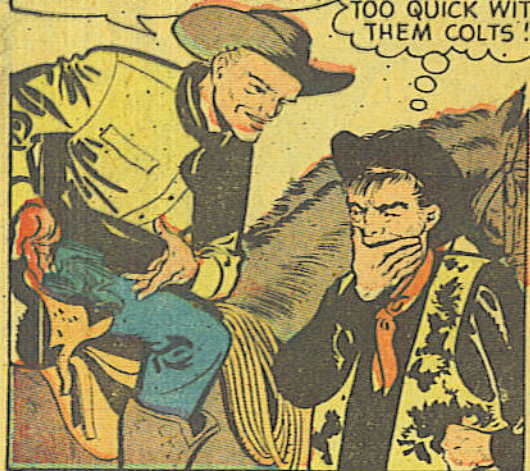
HAW! HAW!  
FOOLED YUH  
THAT TIME, JED!  
I GOT NEWS FOR  
THE BOYS...

CRACK  
CRACK!



I'LL STAND TO  
DRINKS! I JUST ROBBED  
THE SALOON OVER IN  
SUNSET AN' GUNNED  
THEIR SHERIFF'S DEPUTY!

YUH  
ALWAYS WERE  
TOO QUICK WITH  
THEM COLTS!



AS CACTUS KENT STALKS INTO THE SALOON, JED CONNER DROPS A CASUAL HAND TO HIS GUNBUTT. AND THEN, IN FULL VIEW OF CACTUS' OUTLAW GANG...

YUH GONE LOCO, JED?  
YUH SHOT CACTUS!

LISTEN TO  
ME, YUH  
OWLHOOTS...



CACTUS WAS TOO ALMIGHTY  
QUICK WITH THEM COLTS. HE  
COME NEAR MISSIN' MY HAT  
AN' GETTIN' ME OUTSIDE.  
WITH CACTUS OUT OF  
THE WAY... WE GOT  
HIS LOOT! BETTER--  
WE CAN COLLECT A  
REWARD FOR HIM!



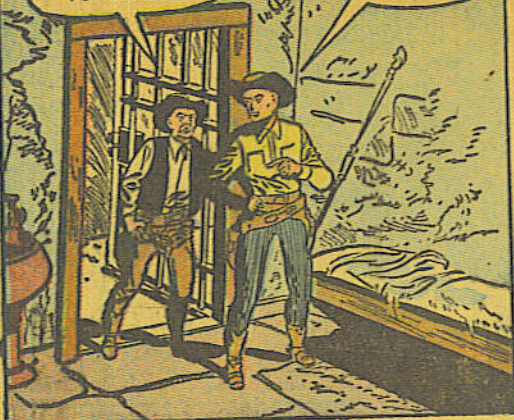






GIT IN THAR, YUH  
COYOTE! I DON'T HOLD  
NO BRIEF WITH LYNCHIN'  
—BUT I'M ALL FER GIVIN'  
YUH WHAT'S COMIN'  
TO YUH!

BUT I—I'M  
NOT KENT...  
WON'T  
ANYONE  
BELIEVE  
ME?



SICK AND FRIGHTENED, YOUNG FLIP CARSON Huddles  
IN A JAIL COT, LISTENING TO THE WHISKEY—  
MADDENED VOICES IN THE STREET OUTSIDE...



WAIT'LL THE  
SHERIFF GOES  
HOME!

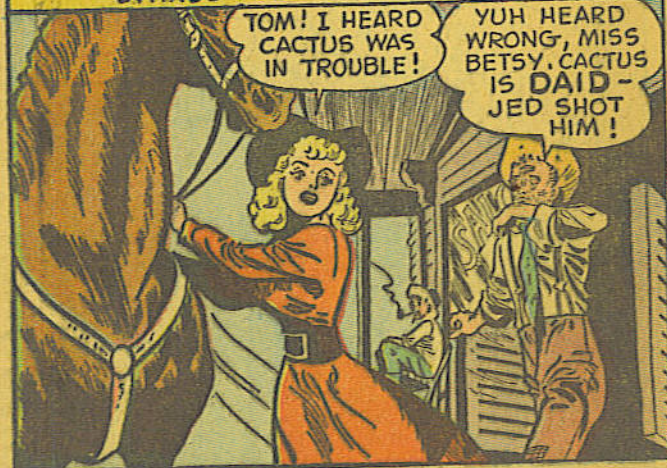
THEM  
DOORS'LL  
BUST IF  
WE SLAM  
'EM WITH  
A LOG!

GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING...  
BUT WHAT?

MEANWHILE, BETSY CONLEY REINS IN HER HORSE  
AT THE BROKEN LANCE SALOON, AND  
SWINGS FROM THE SADDLE...

TOM! I HEARD  
CACTUS WAS  
IN TROUBLE!

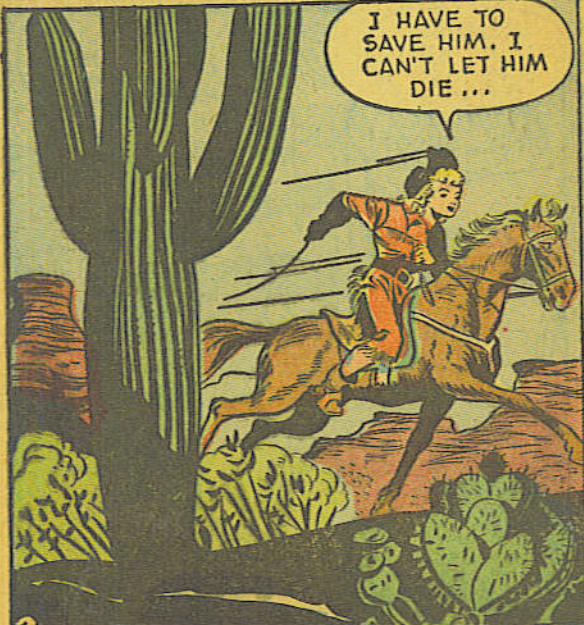
YUH HEARD  
WRONG, MISS  
BETSY. CACTUS  
IS DAID—  
JED SHOT  
HIM!



JED TOOK  
ANOTHER FELLER OVER  
TO SUNSET AS CACTUS. A  
DAID RINGER FOR HIM. FELLER  
BY THE NAME OF FLIP CARSON.  
I'M TELLIN' YUH THIS BECAUSE  
I'M PULLIN STAKES... I  
DON'T HANKER TO BE TOLD  
WHAT TO DO BY JED CONNER!



I HAVE TO  
SAVE HIM. I  
CAN'T LET HIM  
DIE...



DAD, THAT  
MAN INSIDE  
IS INNOCENT!  
CACTUS KENT  
IS DEAD!

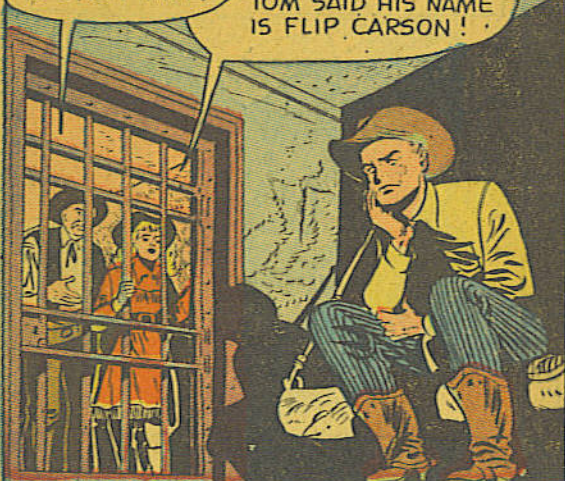
BETSY, YUH MUST HAVE  
BEEN EATIN' LOCO WEED!  
I TELL YUH IT IS CACTUS!





TAKE A LOOK!  
IS THET HIM?

YES! I MEAN...  
OH, I DON'T KNOW!  
TOM SAID HIS NAME  
IS FLIP CARSON!



THAT NIGHT, AS MEN GRADUALLY WORK  
THEMSELVES UP TO A "NECKTIE-PARTY" MOOD,  
A SLIM FIGURE CREEPS ALONG THE BOARD-  
WALK IN FRON OF SUNSET'S LITTLE JAIL ...

WE'LL SHTRING HIM SO  
HIGH-HIC-TH' VULTURES'LL  
FIND 'IM EASHY!

OH, I  
HOPE I'M  
IN TIME!

THASH'  
RIGHT-  
-HIC!-



HERE'S A  
GUN, COWBOY.  
I'LL LET YOU OUT.  
THE REST IS...  
UP TO YOU!

MISS BETSY...  
YUH SURE  
ARE AN  
ANGEL!



I'LL BE BACK...  
WITH PROOF I'M NOT  
CACTUS KENT!



JAILBREAK!  
JAILBREAK!

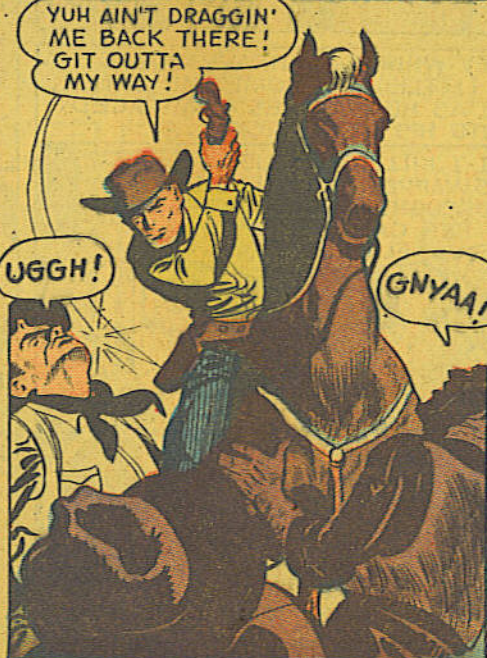
KENT'S  
GETTIN'  
AWAY!



YUH AIN'T DRAGGIN'  
ME BACK THERE!  
GIT OUTTA  
MY WAY!

UGGH!

GNYAA!



SAFELY FREE OF  
THE TOWN, FLIP  
CARSON DRAWS  
REIN AND PONDERSS...

I OUGHT TO RIDE UP  
NORTH, THEN I'D BE  
SAFE! BUT I CAN'T  
FORGET THAT GIRL...  
AND WHAT SHE DID  
FOR ME. IF I RAN  
AWAY...I'D BE LETTIN'  
HER DOWN!





SOME HOURS LATER, IN BROKEN LANCE ...

DRINKS ARE ON ME,  
BOYS! I'M TREATIN'!



A SHOT RINGS OUT IN THE  
CROWDED ROOM! A GLASS SHATTERS  
...WHISKEY SPLASHES!!



A WEIRD FIGURE SWAYS IN THE DOORWAY!  
BLOOD-STAINED CLOTHES REEK WITH THE  
DAMPNESS OF THE GRAVE!

CACTUS!

I COME BACK  
FOR YUH, JED. I  
CLAWED MY WAY  
FROM THE GROUND  
WHERE YUH BURIED  
ME TO FIND YUH!



WE'RE GOIN' TO  
TAKE A RIDE, BOYS.  
I KINDA MISSED  
YUH WHERE I WAS...  
ALL ALONE IN  
THET GRAVE!

SU-SURE, CACTUS!  
D-DON'T SHOOT...  
WE'RE RI-RIDIN'  
WITH YUH!



AFTER THE JAIL DOORS CLOSE  
AND LOCK BEHIND JED AND  
HIS GANG...

SHERIFF DAN CONLEY WHIRLS AS HEAVY BOOTS  
STAMP OUTSIDE HIS LITTLE JAIL. SOMETIME LATER,  
HIS FACE BLANCHES AS HE WATCHES GRIM-FACED  
MEN MOVE INTO HIS LITTLE ROOM...

HERE YUH ARE,  
SHERIFF, THE MEN  
WHO KILLED ME!  
TALK, YUH COYOTES!

I-I KILLED CACTUS...  
SWAPPED MEN ON YUH...  
BROUGHT IN A DAID RINGER  
FER CACTUS NAMED  
FLIP CARSON...



YOU...YOU'RE  
THE RANCHER...  
FLIP CARSON!

WHY, SURE, I  
RECKONED  
IF JED THOUGHT  
I LOOKED SO  
MUCH LIKE CACTUS,  
I'D BE CACTUS...  
LONG ENOUGH TO  
SCARE THE LIVIN'  
DAYLIGHTS OUTTA  
THEM RANNIES...  
AND GET 'EM  
TO CONFESS!



THE END



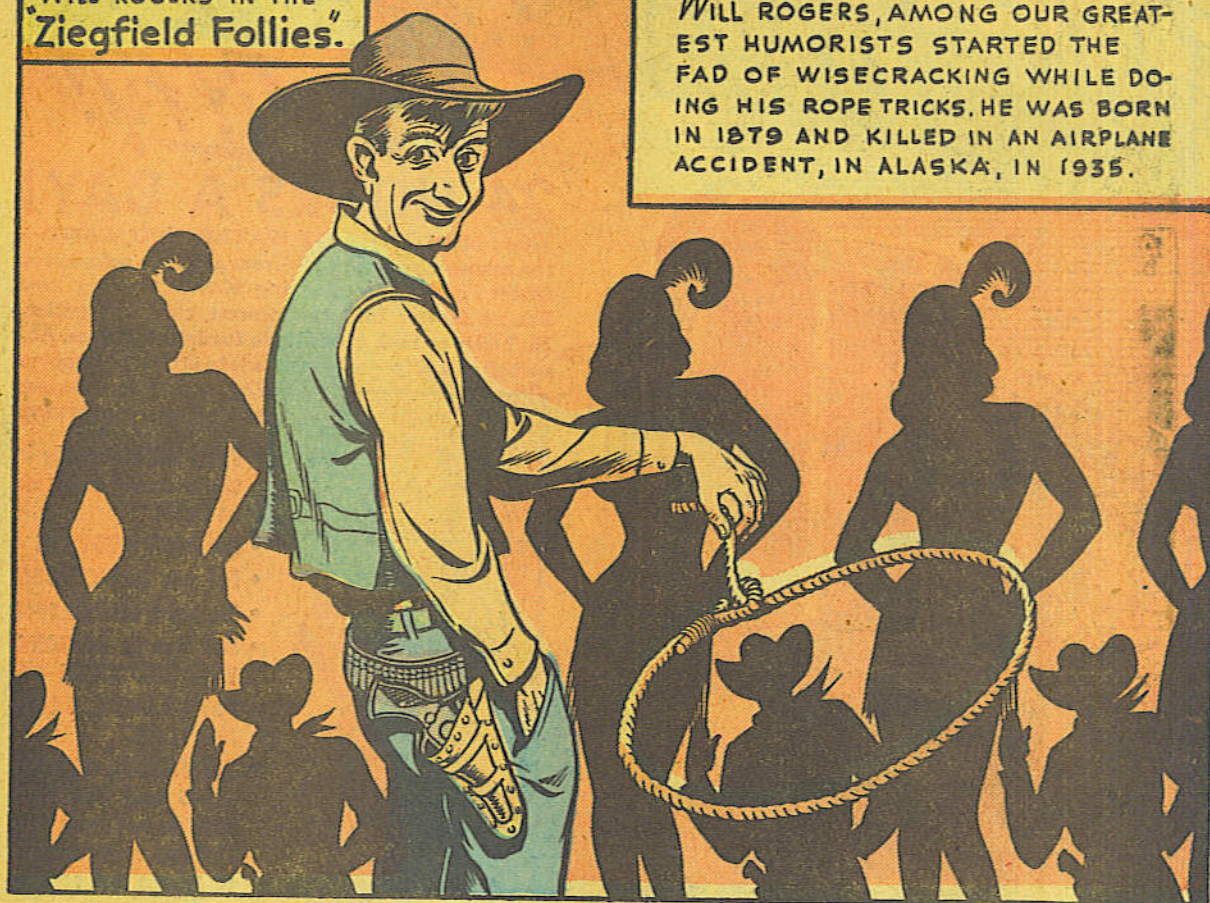
# TRUTH <sup>not</sup> FANCY

## Will Rogers A Great American

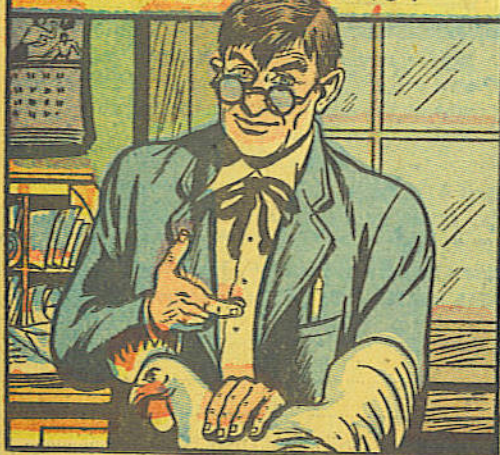
W.H. King  
1935

WILL ROGERS IN THE  
"Ziegfield Follies."

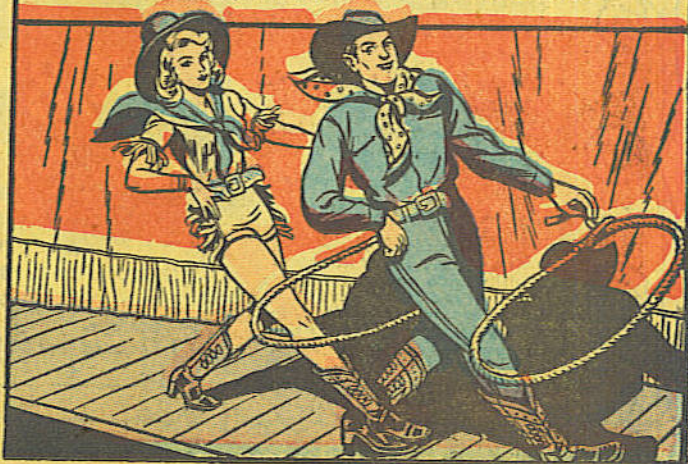
WILL ROGERS, AMONG OUR GREAT-  
EST HUMORISTS STARTED THE  
FAD OF WISECRACKING WHILE DO-  
ING HIS ROPE TRICKS. HE WAS BORN  
IN 1879 AND KILLED IN AN AIRPLANE  
ACCIDENT, IN ALASKA, IN 1935.



ONE OF HIS GREAT ROLES WAS THAT  
OF THE SMALL TOWN EDITOR IN THE  
FILM "LIFE BEGINS AT 40".



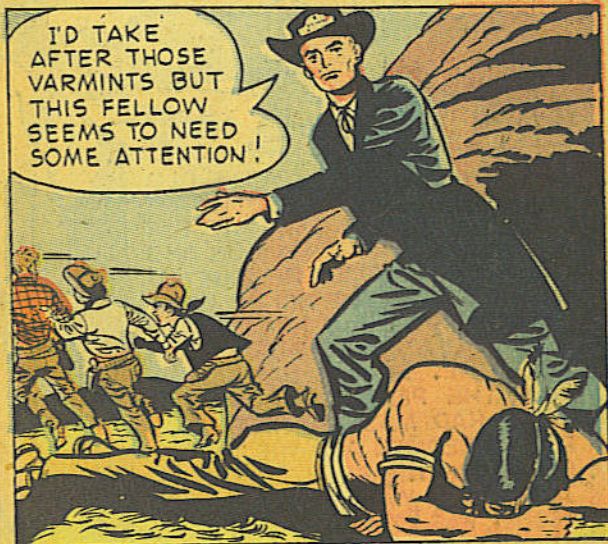
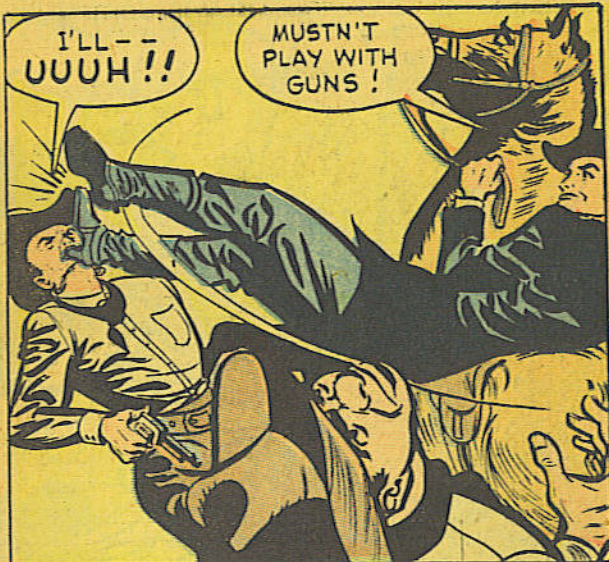
TODAY, THERE ARE MANY WHO MAKE  
THEIR LIVING, IMITATING WILL ROGERS.



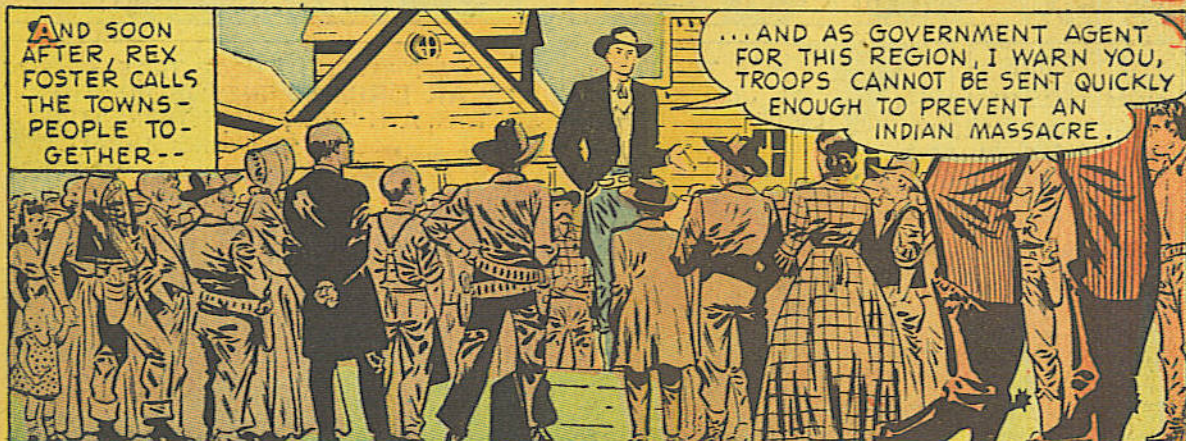














**R**EMAINING UNSEEN, REX FOSTER TRAILS THE MAN TO ...

THERE HE GOES ... INTO THAT OLD BARN ...

I'LL LOOK THROUGH ONE OF THE CRACKS IN THIS OLD WOOD.

**A**ND INSIDE THE BARN...

THE GOVERNMENT AGENT'S STILL AROUND, AN' MAKIN' SPEECHES!

HE'S TOO LATE, WE JEST KILLED A COUPLE OF INDIANS. THAT'LL STIR 'EM UP PLENTY!

WAIT - LISTEN! HEAR THAT -- WAR DRUMS! THEY'VE HIT THE WARPATH! THIS TIME THERE'LL NO STOPPING THEM.

WE BETTER MOVE FAST! GIT YUH GEAR TOGETHER!

LET'S GIT OUTTA TOWN!

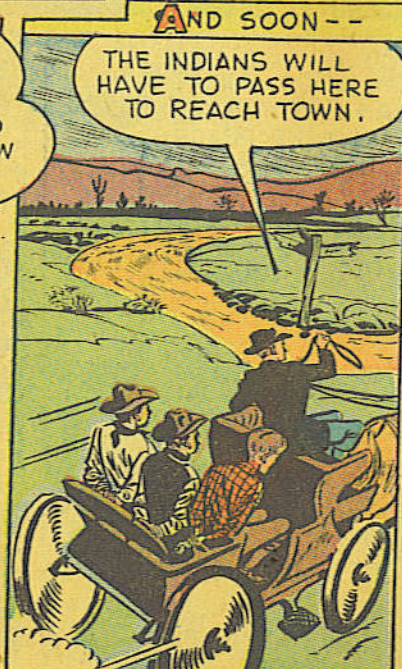
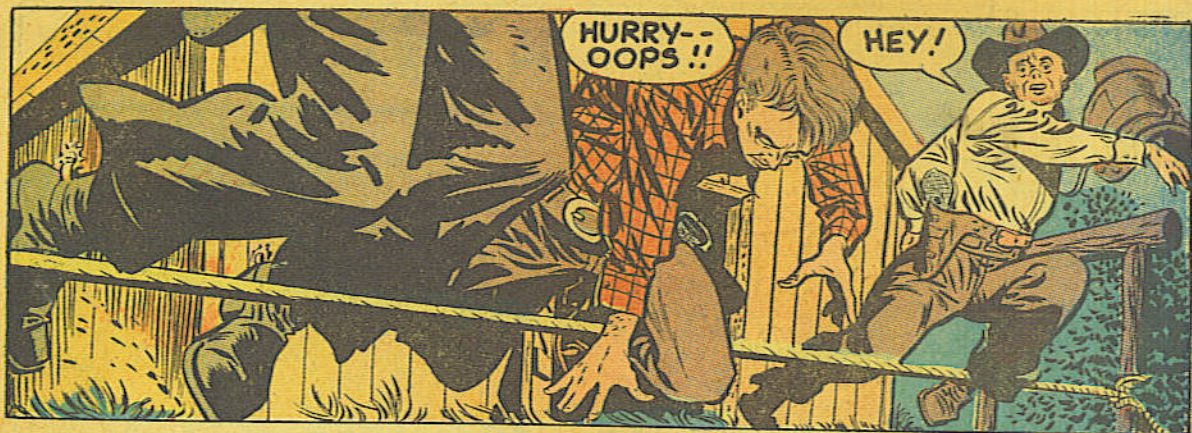
**A**ND OUTSIDE, REX FOSTER ALSO GOES INTO ACTION --!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE VARMINTS! I HOPE THIS WORKS ...

**A** MINUTE LATER ...

C'MON -- THE HORSES ARE OUT IN FRONT. LET'S GIT!







**BEFORE THE BRAVE FIGURE, THE INDIANS COME TO A HALT ...**

**SPEAK QUICKLY - AND WITHOUT FORKED TONGUE!**

**THESE ARE THE MEN WHO HAVE MADE TROUBLE BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES. I HAVE PROOF!**



**THESE THINGS YOU FOUND AFTER EACH ATTACK ... YOU'LL SEE THE INITIALS ON THIS TOBACCO POUCH ARE THE SAME AS THOSE ON THE ONE'S SPURS. THE GUN BELONGS TO THE FELLOW WITH THE EMPTY HOLSTER.**



**AND THIS HAT FITS THE THIRD ONE -- SEE? THEY PURPOSELY LEFT THESE THINGS AT THE SCENE OF EACH ATTACK!**

**THEY DRAW FALSE TRAIL TO THE TOWNSPEOPLE. I SEE NOW THAT IS OLD INDIAN TRICK!**



**WHY WERE YOU STIRRING UP TROUBLE? START TALKING OR I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE CHIEF!**

**NO-NO--I'LL TALK. WE WANTED THE INDIANS TO GO ON THE WARPATH SO THE GOVERNMENT WOULD HAVE TO SEND TROOPS.**



**THE TROOPS WOULD CHASE THE TRIBES FAR BACK INTO THE HILLS. THAT WOULD LEAVE THE RICH FUR-TRAPPING-LAND WHERE THEY NOW LIVE, FREE FOR ANYBODY!**

**YOU'VE HEARD THEIR CONFESSION, CHIEF. THEIR PLAN HAS FAILED, THERE WILL BE PEACE.**

**YES -- THERE WILL BE PEACE!**



**AND SO, LATER, THE VILLAINS JAILED, REX FOSTER RIDES SLOWLY OFF OVER THE PRAIRIE WHERE NOW ONLY THE SMOKE OF INDIAN CAMPFIRES RISES IN THE SILENT DUSK -**

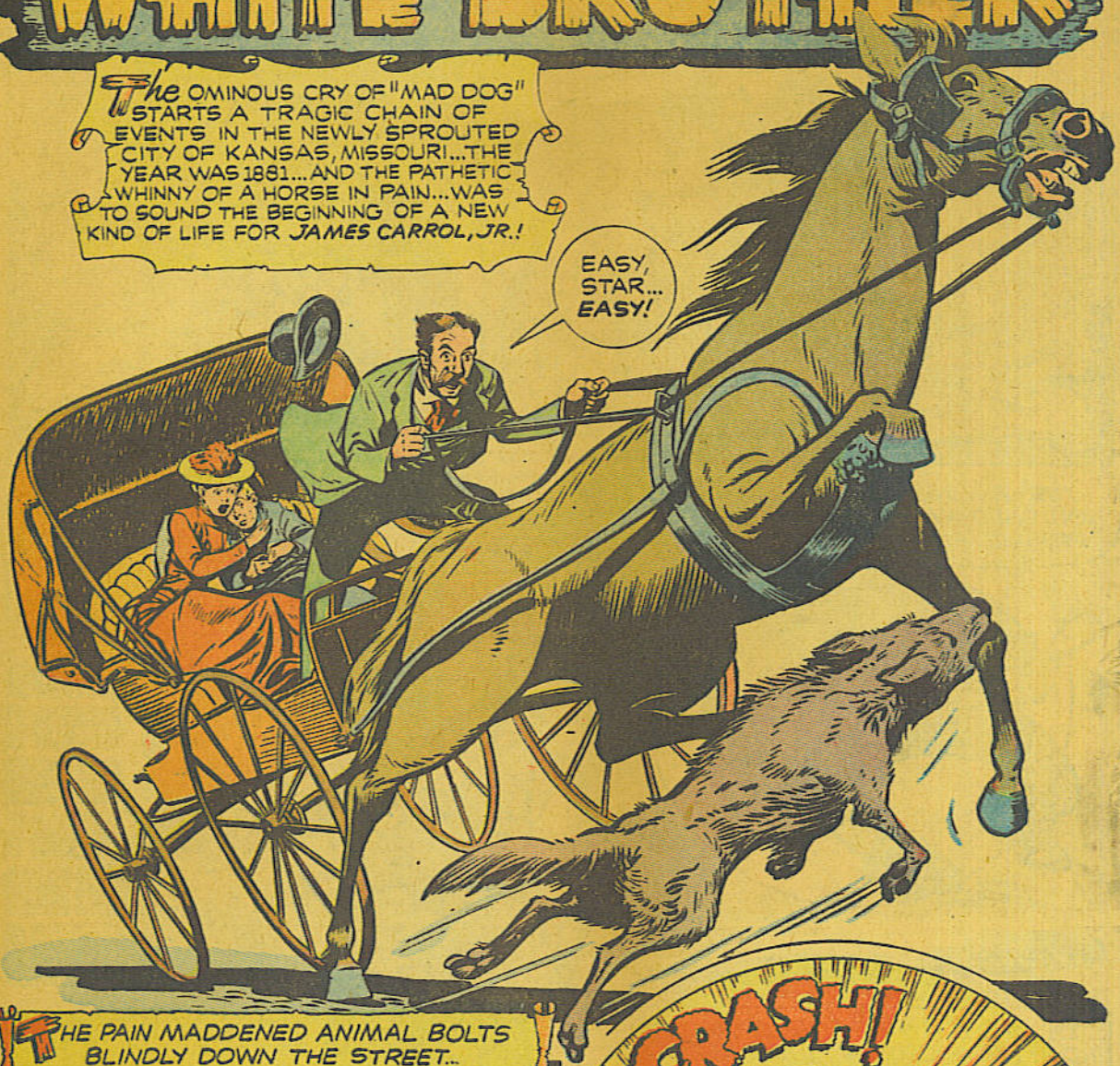


**THE END!**

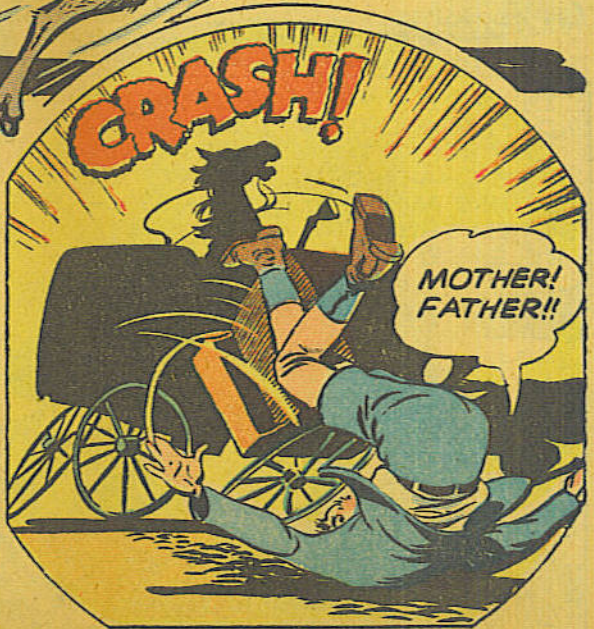
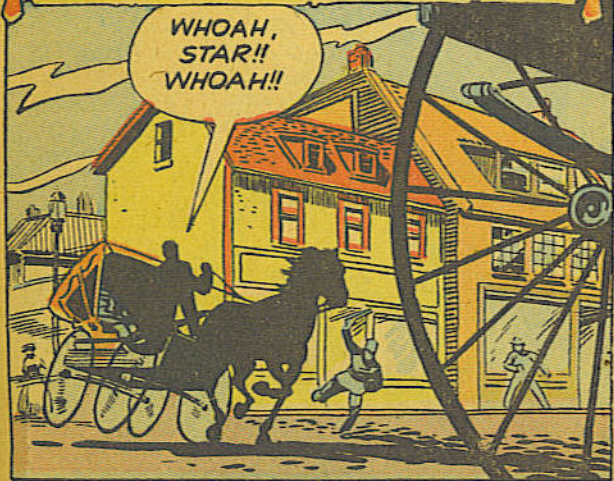


# WHITIE BROTHER

The OMINOUS CRY OF "MAD DOG" STARTS A TRAGIC CHAIN OF EVENTS IN THE NEWLY SPROUTED CITY OF KANSAS, MISSOURI...THE YEAR WAS 1881...AND THE PATHETIC WHINNY OF A HORSE IN PAIN...WAS TO SOUND THE BEGINNING OF A NEW KIND OF LIFE FOR JAMES CARROL, JR.!



THE PAIN MADDENED ANIMAL BOLTS BLINDLY DOWN THE STREET...





**THE ASHEN ASPECT OF DEATH DESCENDS UPON THE SCENE A FEW MINUTES LATER...**

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR THEM, LAD! YOU WERE LUCKY TO CLEAR THE WRECK... YOU MUST COME WITH ME!

CAN'T...CAN'T I JUST SAY GOOD-BYE TO THEM?

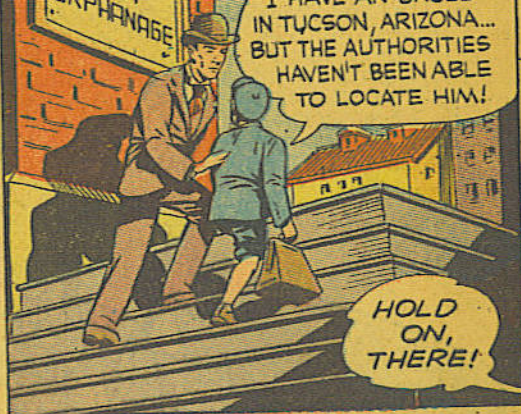


**A FEW MONTHS LATER...**

KANSAS CITY ORPHANAGE

YOU'LL BE TREATED GOOD HERE, JIM! TOO BAD NONE OF YOUR RELATIVES ARE ALIVE TO CARE FOR YOU!

I HAVE AN UNCLE IN TUCSON, ARIZONA... BUT THE AUTHORITIES HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE HIM!



HOLD ON, THERE!

JUS' A MINUTE, YOU SAND-HAIRED PRAIRIE PUP!!



UNCLE TUCK! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!!

DAGGONE IT, BOY...WITH WAMPEGO'S INJUNS CUTTIN' DOWN THE TELLYGRAPH WIRES, IT TOOK TWO WEEKS FER ME TO LEARN ABOUT YER PAW AN' MAW!---I CAME AS SOON'S I COULD!



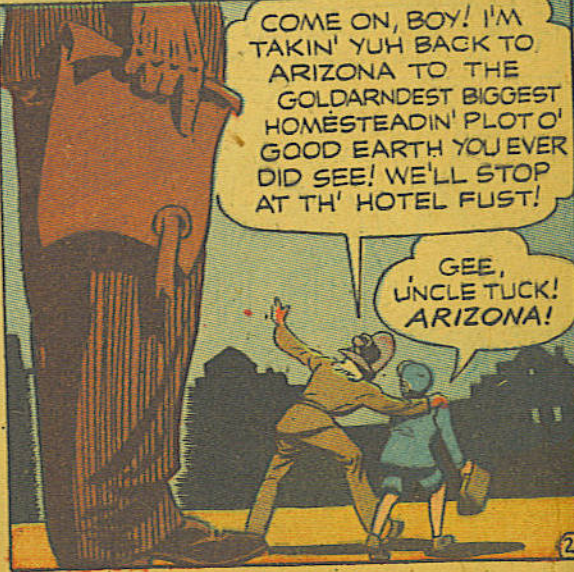
TH' LAD'S MINE, NOW! I BROUGHT TH' CITY BOARD THESE HERE CHARACTER LETTERS AND THEY SIGNED THIS HERE RELEASE!

MR. CARROL, I'M PLEASED! JIM DESERVES THE PROPER CARE A RELATIVE CAN GIVE HIM...GOOD LUCK TO BOTH OF YOU!



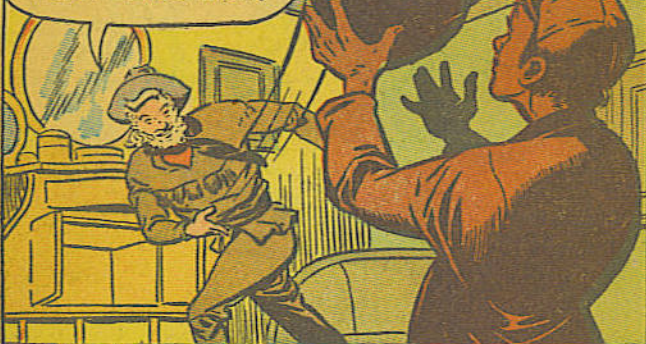
COME ON, BOY! I'M TAKIN' YUH BACK TO ARIZONA TO THE GOLDARNDST BIGGEST HOMESTEADIN' PLOT O' GOOD EARTH YOU EVER DID SEE! WE'LL STOP AT TH' HOTEL FUST!

GEE, UNCLE TUCK! ARIZONA!





GET YORE HIDE  
OUTTA THEM CITY SKINS  
AND DRESS UP T' FIT  
TH' COUNTRY YORE  
GOIN' TO! A REAL  
OLD INJUN FIGHTER  
MADE THESE DUDS  
FER YOU...CATCH!



GOLLY!  
THANKS,  
UNCLE  
TUCK!

WOW-EE!!  
A REAL  
BUCKSKIN  
JACKET!!

CALF, JIM...CALF!  
HMM...FITS GOOD,  
TOO! WELL...LET'S  
GET OUR HIDES  
MOVIN'! WE'VE GOT  
A WAGON TRAIN  
HEADIN' FER  
ALBUQUERQUE  
T' CATCH!



SEVERAL  
DAYS  
LATER...

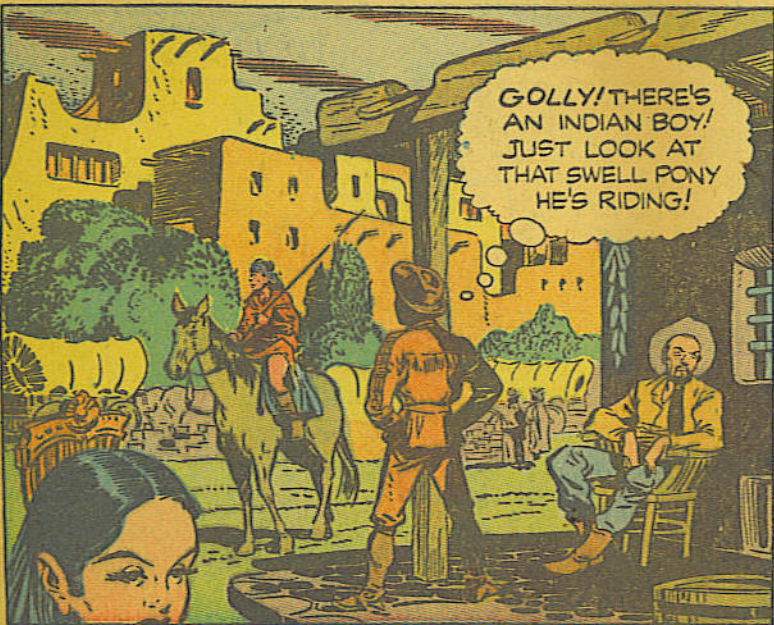
THERE SHE IS, JIM! SANTA FE! THEY CALL  
IT THE GATEWAY TO THE WEST! SO FAR IT'S  
JUST A WATERIN' HOLE! WE'LL STOP LONG  
ENOUGH TO TAKE ON A U.S.A. CAVALRY SQUAD  
TO PERFECT US FROM INJUNS FAR AS  
ALBUQUERQUE!



GEE! BUT  
WE HAVEN'T  
SEEN ANY  
INDIANS  
YET!!

RUN ALONG 'N  
SCOUT TH' TOWN,  
JIM...WE'LL BE HERE  
'BOUT AN HOUR!  
I'LL WATER UP!

OKAY,  
UNCLE  
TUCK!



GOLLY! THERE'S  
AN INDIAN BOY!  
JUST LOOK AT  
THAT SWELL PONY  
HE'S RIDING!

HOLY SMOKE!

THAT'S LITTLE FEATHER...  
WAMPEGO'S SON!!

HE-HE'S  
DRAWING  
HIS GUN!

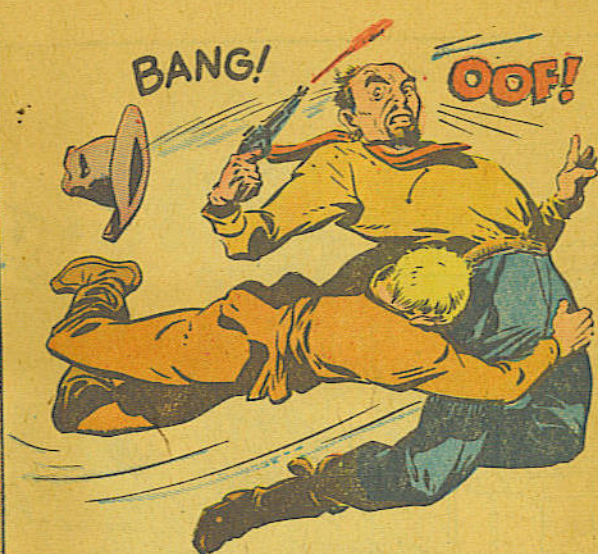






I'LL SEND THAT LITTLE RATTLESNAKE WHERE HE B' LONGS!

NO... DON'T SHOOT!



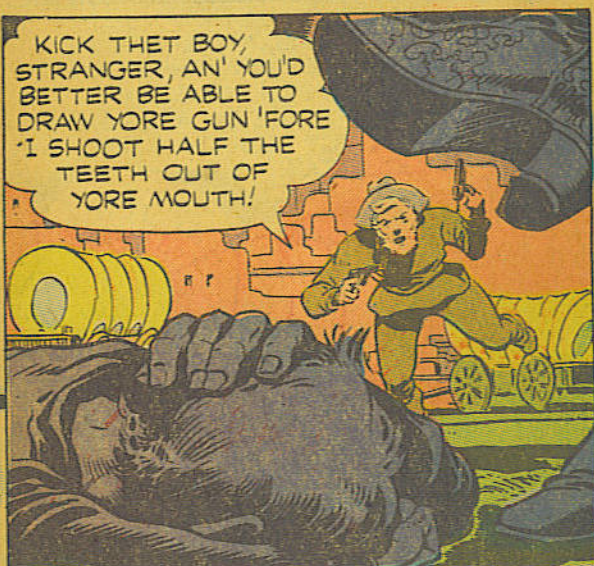
BANG!

OOF!

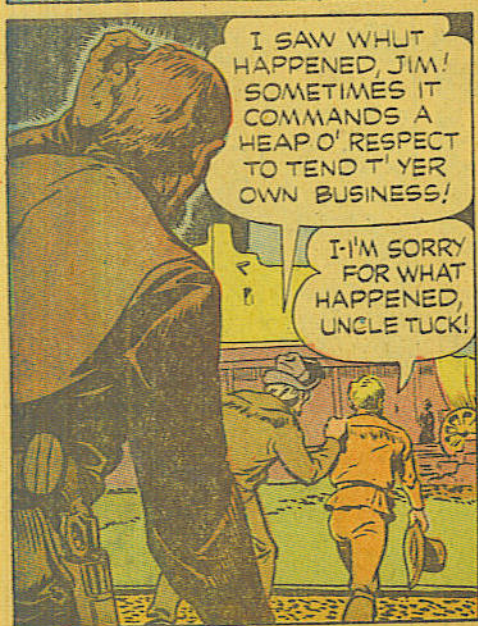


WHY, YOU LITTLE RAT! NOW THAT RED BRAT'S GALLOPING AWAY T' TELL WAMPEGO 'BOUT TH' WAGON TRAIN! I OUGHT TO...

GOSH, SIR... I-I DIDN'T KNOW...



KICK THET BOY, STRANGER, AN' YOU'D BETTER BE ABLE TO DRAW YORE GUN 'FORE 'I SHOOT HALF THE TEETH OUT OF YORE MOUTH!



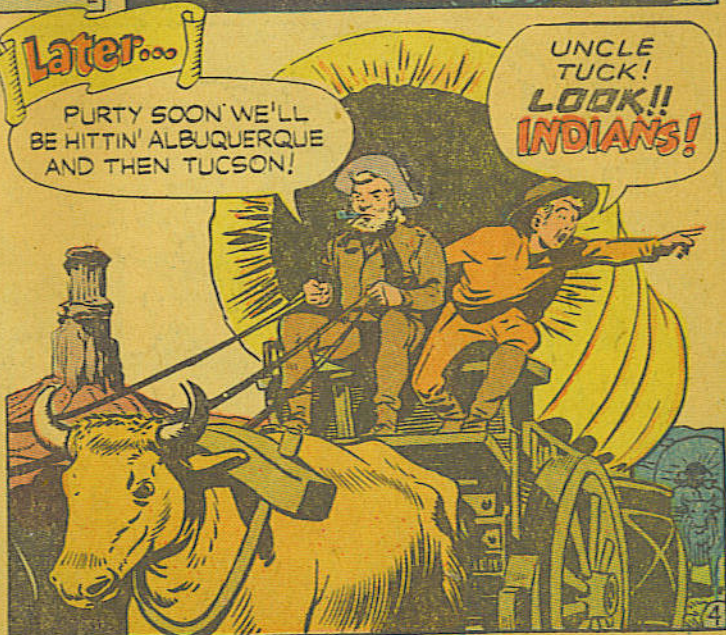
I SAW WHUT HAPPENED, JIM! SOMETIMES IT COMMANDS A HEAP O' RESPECT TO TEND T' YER OWN BUSINESS!

I-I'M SORRY FOR WHAT HAPPENED, UNCLE TUCK!

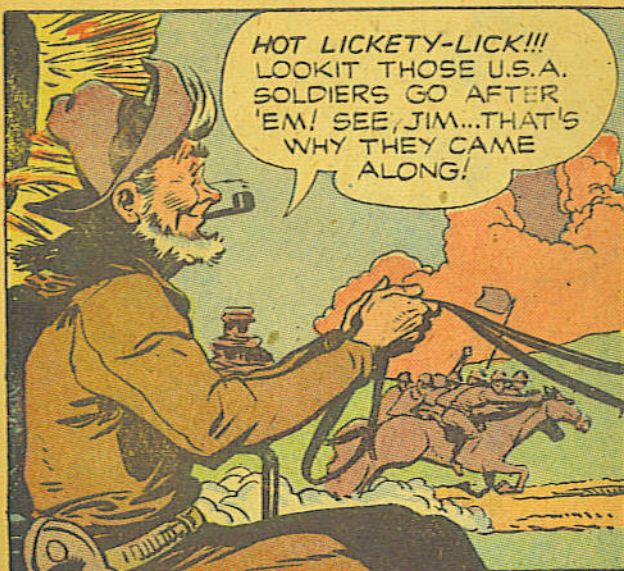
Later...

PURTY SOON WE'LL BE HITTIN' ALBUQUERQUE AND THEN TUCSON!

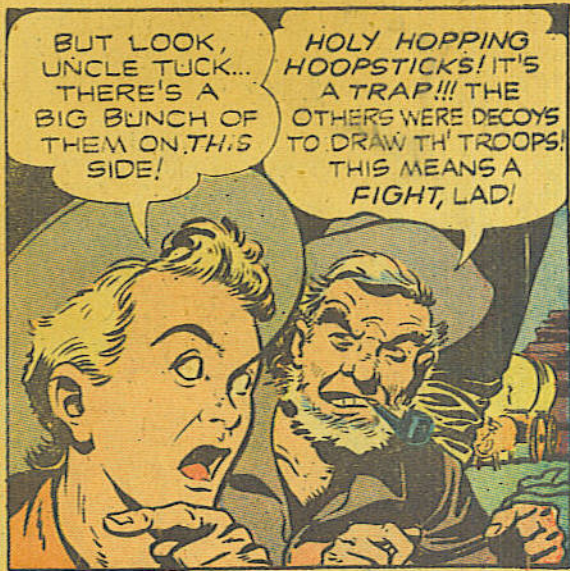
UNCLE TUCK! LOOK!! INDIANS!







HOT LICKETY-LICK!!!  
LOOKIT THOSE U.S.A.  
SOLDIERS GO AFTER  
'EM! SEE, JIM...THAT'S  
WHY THEY CAME  
ALONG!



BUT LOOK,  
UNCLE TUCK...  
THERE'S A  
BIG BUNCH OF  
THEM ON THIS  
SIDE!

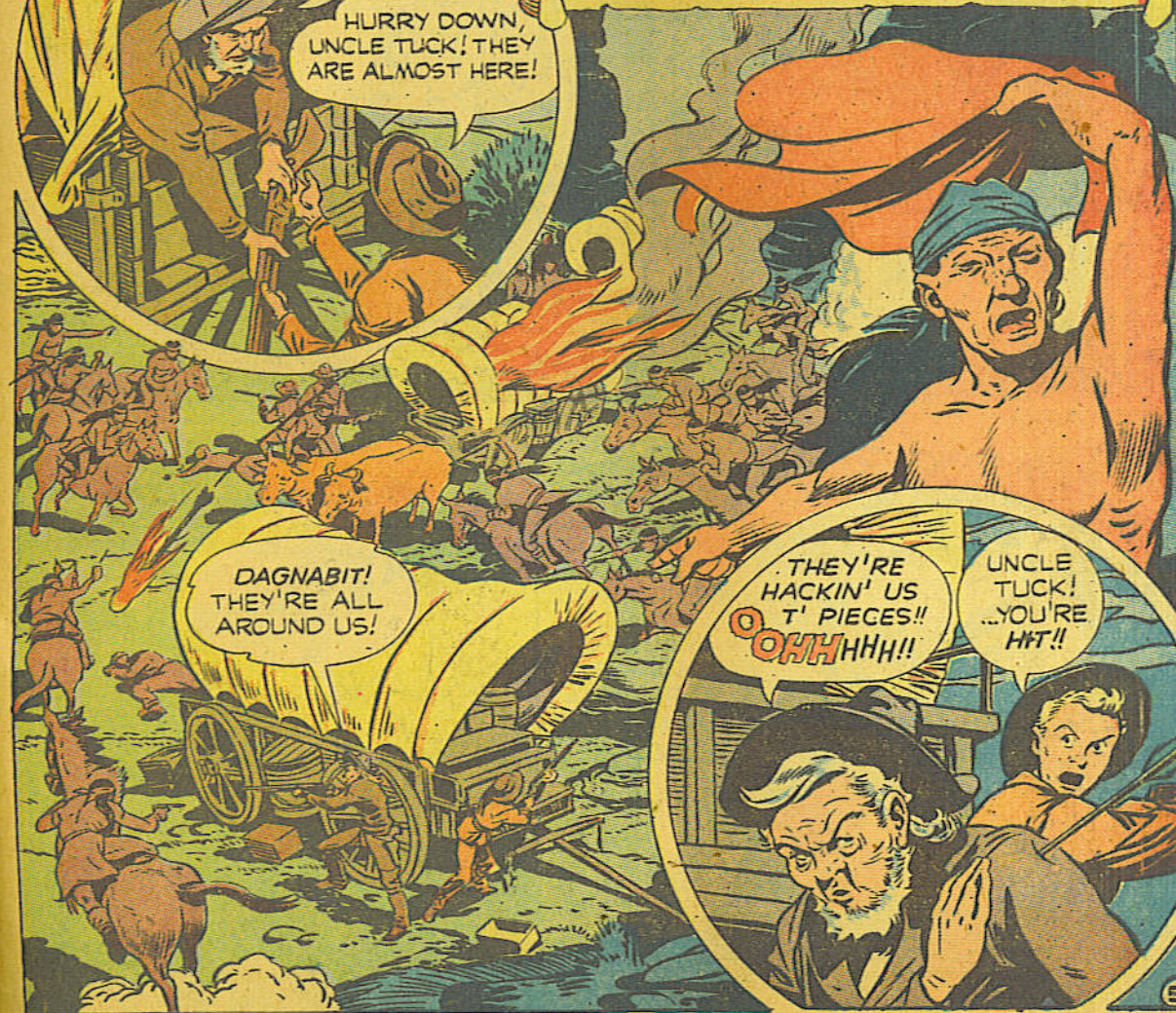
HOLY HOPPING  
HOOPSTICKS! IT'S  
A TRAP!!! THE  
OTHERS WERE DECOYS  
TO DRAW TH' TROOPS!  
THIS MEANS A  
FIGHT, LAD!



WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO  
DRAW A CIRCLE! HERE'S A  
RIFLE, JIM... YER NOW AN  
INJUN FIGHTER!

HURRY DOWN,  
UNCLE TUCK! THEY  
ARE ALMOST HERE!

**T**HE INDIANS SUCCEED IN BREAKING  
THROUGH THE WAGON BARRICADE! SOON  
THERE IS FIGHTING ON TWO SIDES...THE  
SMALL BAND OF DEFENDERS ARE ENGULFED  
IN A DELUGE OF SCREAMING REDSKINS!



DAGNABIT!  
THEY'RE ALL  
AROUND US!

THEY'RE  
HACKIN' US  
T' PIECES!!  
**OOHHHHH!!**

UNCLE  
TUCK!  
...YOU'RE  
HIT!!





HERE...LET  
ME HELP YOU!

BEHIND  
YOU, BOY---  
WATCH OUT!



NO!! DO NOT  
KILL HIM!!

LITTLE  
FEATHER!



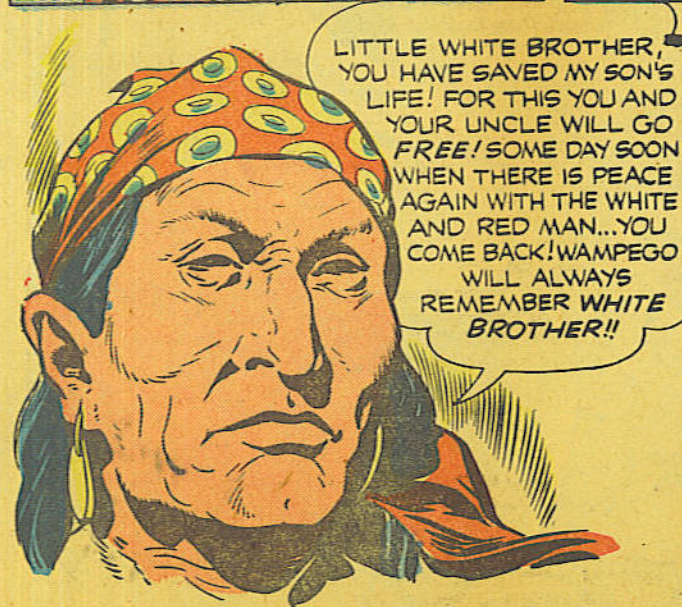
YOU SAVE MY LIFE IN  
SANTA FE! NOW I SAVE  
YOURS! COME, THE FIGHTING  
IS OVER... I TAKE YOU TO  
MY FATHER, WAMPEGO!

HELP ME WITH  
UNCLE TUCK...  
HE'S HURT!



LATER... AT THE INDIAN ENCAMPMENT...

I HAVE TOLD MY FATHER  
WHAT HAPPENED... HE WILL  
SPEAK TO YOU!



LITTLE WHITE BROTHER,  
YOU HAVE SAVED MY SON'S  
LIFE! FOR THIS YOU AND  
YOUR UNCLE WILL GO  
*FREE!* SOME DAY SOON  
WHEN THERE IS PEACE  
AGAIN WITH THE WHITE  
AND RED MAN... YOU  
COME BACK! WAMPEGO  
WILL ALWAYS  
REMEMBER WHITE  
BROTHER!!



DO YOU THINK  
WE'LL EVER COME  
BACK HERE AGAIN,  
UNCLE TUCK?

Y'KNOW, JIM... IN  
A WAY I'M KINDA  
GLAD YOU DIDN'T  
MIND YER OWN  
BUSINESS BACK IN  
SANTA FE!